

# ALL OF ME

ME TWO

by  
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NOTE:

Please change the name CYNTHIA CUTWATER to EDWINA CUTWATER.

ME TWO1. OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

... various shots showing ROGER COBB in a typical day. (In the SOUNTRACK we hear a hot jazz combo.)

## 1A. EXT. ROGER'S CAR - MORNING

He is driving to work in his CONVERTIBLE, talking spiritedly to someone off-camera. It is his dog BIX, a shaggy mixed-breed, who sits beside him in the passenger seat, strapped in securely by a cross-shoulder seat belt just like his master.

## 1B. INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Roger (with Bix) strides up the hallway, exchanging HELLO's with other MALE LAWYERS (Roger is the only one not wearing a 3-piece suit), and a flirtatious half-smile (there's some history behind this) with a WOMAN LAWYER.

## 1C. INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

He walks to his desk, followed by MARGO, his secretary, who reads off a handful of phone messages.

## 1D. INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Court is in session. Roger sits at a lawyer's table listening to MR. MIFFLIN (one of his firm's senior partners) fumblingly make a complicated motion. By the look on Roger's face we can see that he thinks Mifflin is way off-track, so he quickly flips through some briefing materials, gets Mr. Mifflin's attention, and shows it to him.

Mr. Mifflin seizes this new material like it's the proverbial smoking pistol and continues addressing the court as Roger (very subtly) rolls his eyes.

## 1E. INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Roger yawns while poring over a deskful of law tomes and legal briefs, then notices it is dark outside and 9:45 PM on the clock. Obviously late for something, he hurriedly wakes the sleeping Bix, grabs his jacket and rushes out.

## 1F. INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

A dump. The band, led by TYRONE WATTELL, a blind black saxophonist, plays the number which has been the BG MUSIC for this montage. One chair on stage is unoccupied, a hollow-body electric guitar propped up beside it.

(CONTINUED)

## 1F. CONTINUED

Then we see Roger run through the backdoor, hand his attache case and Bix's leash to a waiting barmaid, down some coffee, hop up onto the bandstand, and get to his guitar just as Tyrone says:

TYRONE

Take it, Roger ...

So Roger plays. And he's very good.

## 1G. INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

The band is playing a slow BLUES; as we see Roger playing, getting drowsier, and finally falling completely asleep on the stand. ✓

## 1H. INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Closing time. Chairs have been upturned onto tables, and the OWNER pays each musician \$25 as they say goodnight and leave. A very sleepy Roger gets his money, retrieves his attache case (and dog) from the waitress, and exits.

(END OF OPENING TITLES)

## 2. EXT. CUTWATER MANSION - NIGHT

The lights are on in an upstairs bedroom of this fabulous ESTATE. From inside, we hear the patrician voice of a cultured, middle-aged woman, CYNTHIA CUTWATER. She speaks slowly, precisely, and with a slight shortness of breath.

CYNTHIA (o.s.)

Two weeks ago, I had a dream. A very strange dream.

## 3. INT. CYNTHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Propped up in bed, surrounded by medicine and oxygen bottles, and under the watchful eye of her physician DR. BETTY ISAACSON, Cynthia is clearly a very sick woman. She addresses her STAFF, including the beautiful TERRY BOYD, her father - the gray-haired stableman FRED BOYD - and a NURSE.

CYNTHIA (cont.)

In it, a little man appeared to me. A very strange little man. He said his name was "Prakha Lasa" and told me that although I did not have long to live, I had a destiny: to live again. A second chance. A new life.

(slaps at her maid who is fussing with the pillows)

Stop fussing!

(back to her dreamy recollection)

I awoke and began making inquiries. Ten days later, in central Tibet, an obscure, but highly-revered mystic - a holy man - was found: named Prakha Lasa. And he looked just like the little guy in my dream. Except he was taller. I chartered a plane. He arrived tonight.

She turns toward the hallway, and beckons PRAKHA LASA, but this strange, bearded Asian fellow hides shyly in a niche in the corner of the room.

(CONTINUED)

## 3. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

Isn't that cute? He's shy. My dear  
servants, if this works ... if I  
succeed in cheating death ... I  
promise you this house shall be  
filled with the laughter and music  
and dancing I have never known.

(CONTINUED)

## 3. CONTINUED

By now, the bashful Prakha has emerged and takes her hand.

CYNTHIA

But, if for some reason I don't make  
it, please, please promise me: you'll  
have the little bastard tortured.

Prakha's shy smile becomes a quizzical, pondering frown, as if he were not sure he heard that correctly.

## 4. INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Looking out the living room window, we see the city glisten in the dawnlight. In the foreground, a "HAPPY 38TH BIRTHDAY" card sits on the ledge, and beside it, a dented old ALARM CLOCK ticks its way to 7AM. The alarm RINGS.

From off-screen we HEAR the rustle of a blanket and a yawn. As the CAMERA pulls out, we see the source of these sounds - Bix - creakily get to his feet, stretch, yawn again, and finally hobble from its blanket over to the ringing clock.

When he gets to it he pushes it off the ledge and onto the floor with his nose, thus stopping the alarm. Then, without a moment's hesitation - this is obviously his daily routine - he shuffles off into his Master's Bedroom.

## 5. INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Roger sleeps contentedly. Bix steps up to the bed, and rests his face just inches from Roger's. Roger keeps his eyes closed, but moans through his fatigue.

ROGER

Hi Bix.

(Bix licks his face;

Roger opens his eyes)

I think I'm getting too old for this.

Let's not go to work today, okay?

Good boy.

He pats Bix on the head, shuts his eyes, and turns over. Bix takes the blanket in his mouth and pulls it off him.

ROGER

You're so straight ...

Roger gets out of bed, stands, takes a breath, and closes his eyes. He is about to fall back asleep standing up, when he hears the DOORBELL. That opens his eyes.



## 6. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Still in his pajamas, Roger goes to the door, and lets in PEGGY SCHUYLER, carrying what looks like a 6-foot totem pole wrapped in bright birthday paper. (NOTE: Peggy's clothes and manner suggest she is considerably more well-to-do than Roger.)

PEG

Happy birthday, my darling ...  
 (kisses him and hands him  
 the immense package)  
 So how does it feel to be 38?

ROGER

Oh, great! Just think: in 2 years  
 I'll be 40. In 12 years I'll be 50.  
 I'm really excited about this.

PEG

Oh, sweetie - open it - don't tell  
 me you're upset about this.

ROGER

(as he unwraps it)  
 Upset? I'm not upset. I just woke  
 up this morning and said to myself in  
 22 years I'll be 60. What am I doing  
 with my life? What am I doing with  
 my career? Peg, what am I doing with  
 us?

PEG

You're boring us. Do you love it?  
 (he has opened it)  
 It's an African grave post. Isn't it  
 gorgeous?

ROGER

You bought me a "grave post" for my  
 38th birthday?

PEG

(slightly hurt)  
 I just got a whole shipment into the  
 gallery, and this is the best piece.

ROGER

I'm sorry. Look. I've been  
 thinking. Remember that thing you  
 used to want to talk about and I  
 never did? You know, the "M" word?  
 I think maybe it's time we did the  
 "M" word.

(CONTINUED)

## 6. CONTINUED

PEG

Oh, Roger ...

(touches his cheek)

Thank you, but I really don't think  
you're ready to do the "M" word.

ROGER

Yeah I am. Honest. Peggy: I want to  
get M-ed.

PEG

Roger, if you can't say the "M" word,  
then you're not ready to do the "M"  
word.

ROGER

I can say the "M" word. Jeez!  
(with a little difficulty)  
Marriage.

PEG

(smiles, unconvinced)

Darling, let's not get into this  
right now. You're going to be late  
for work, and you know how Daddy  
hates that. I just came by to wish  
you a happy, happy 38th.

ROGER

"Happy 38th" is a contradiction in  
terms.

PEG

(sigh)

Have a good day at work, Roger.

ROGER

So's that.

(she kisses him  
perfunctorily and exits)

Goodbye.

## 7. EXT. MUSIC CENTER PLAZA - MORNING

Tyrone, the blind saxophonist who leads Roger's band,  
stands in the plaza and blows an achingly beautiful blues  
to a pre-recorded background tape. Only Roger (with Bix)  
has stopped to savor the music. He stands leaning against  
his parked car to listen to Tyrone, drinking in the music  
the way some people relish the smell of fall in the air.

When the song ends, Roger silently drops a dollar bill in  
the empty sax case and starts to clap.

(CONTINUED)

## 7. CONTINUED

ROGER

That was very bodacious.

TYRONE

Aww, what it is, Roger. Hey, Bix.

Bix barks. Roger and Tyrone shake hands jive-style.

ROGER

Making any money today?

TYRONE

Almost as much as I made last night.

ROGER

That bad, huh?

TYRONE

Yup. Roger, I'm thinking of joining Jimmy Bowers' Big Band. And I want you to come with me.

ROGER

He's already got a guitarist.

TYRONE

No, terrible accident just happened to his fingers.

ROGER

What.

TYRONE

Jimmy found them in his wife.

ROGER

Well, I appreciate it, Ty, but --

TYRONE

Aww, don't gimme that "but but but" jive ...

(starts to feel Roger's face, as blind people do)  
Look at this face.

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED

ROGER  
I'm quitting the group, Ty.

TYRONE  
(stopping)  
You what?

ROGER  
I've got to give up something. And I figure I still have time to really make something of myself as a lawyer. I'll never go any further as a musician.

Now Tyrone runs his hands all over Roger's face, orating dramatically.

TYRONE  
Oh, this is a unhappy face.

ROGER  
It's not that unhappy ...

TYRONE  
(contorting Roger's face)  
This be the face of a man who giving up the wrong thing ...

ROGER  
Don't pick my nose, okay?

TYRONE  
... a man who oughta shuck his jive job and fancy suits and boss's daughter and come with me to find real happiness ... real fulfillment ... and more pussy than the ASPCA.

ROGER  
Really, thank you, but --

TYRONE  
And if you do not correct your thinking on this matter, then I be forced to tell the world that you is a Honkie Mook!

ROGER  
Tyrone ... you really should not call another person a Honkie Mook.

TYRONE  
And why not?

(CONTINUED)

## 7. CONTINUED

ROGER  
Because you're white.

TYRONE  
I am?  
(quickly starts playing some  
corny Guy Lombardo-type song)  
Oh my God, I am!

He keeps playing this crap - as Bix HOWLS along with it - until a PASSERBY drops some coins in the hat. Roger laughs and squeezes Tyrone's shoulder.

ROGER  
I'm late, Ty, gotta go.  
(pause)  
I'm doing the right thing. Really.

TYRONE  
You be cool, fool. Good jamming with you, Bix.

Bix barks goodbye, Roger walks off, and Tyrone plays a blues version of "HAPPY BIRTHDAY". Roger winces in pain.

## 8. EXT. CUTWATER ESTATE - MORNING

Terry Boyd rides her horse across the manicured lawns, and we see the magnificent old mansion in daylight.

## 9. INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Cynthia is being examined by Dr. Betty Isaacson as the nurse and GRAYSON the butler, hover nearby. ✓

CYNTHIA  
Well?

DR. ISAACSON  
Well, you're dying alright.

CYNTHIA  
Ever since I was a child Doctors have been telling me I'm dying.

DR. ISAACSON  
Yeah, well, I guess you've had enough practice, 'cause you're really doing it now.

GRAYSON  
(whispers to the Nurse)  
Thank God. ✓

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED

Amen.

NURSE

✓

CYNTHIA

(softly)

How much time?

(CONTINUED)

## 9. CONTINUED

DR. ISAACSON  
A week ... a day ...

CYNTHIA  
A month?

Dr. Isaacson shakes her head gently no. Cynthia does not seem very upset at this. She points to the phone.

CYNTHIA  
Would you be so kind?  
(the Nurse hands it to her)  
Thank you.

Cynthia dials the phone as the Doctor lights a cigarette.

CYNTHIA  
Got another?

DR. ISAACSON  
You don't smoke.

CYNTHIA  
Can't hurt now.

## 10. EXT. LAW OFFICES - DAY

A STREET-MIME mimics Roger and Bix as they walk wearily to the front door. We hear a PHONE RING inside. ✓

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE  
Schuyler and Mifflin, good morning.  
(pause)  
Certainly Miss Cutwater. One moment, please.

## 11. INT. MR. SCHUYLER'S OFFICE - DAY

BURTON SCHUYLER, the very picture of a successful, 55 year old, upper-crust attorney, sits behind his antique desk kissing GRETCHEN, the well-dressed, older woman on his lap. The intercom BUZZES, but he ignores it. Gretchen giggles as he nuzzles her neck.

GRETCHEN  
After 32 years of marriage, you're still a naughty little devil, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

## 11. CONTINUED

The intercom rings again, but he keeps nuzzling her neck.

GRETCHEN

Shouldn't you answer that? Maybe  
it's your wife.

MR. SCHUYLER

(sadly shaking his head)  
Ever since she filed for divorce she  
hardly ever calls any more.

There is a knock on the door, and Gretchen jumps up as Mr. Schuyler's oriental SECRETARY enters. ✓

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Schuyler, but it's  
Cynthia Cutwater on 1.

MR. SCHUYLER

Oh God. Alright.

The Secretary exits, leaving the door open. ✓

GRETCHEN

It's okay. I just wanted to tell you ✓

...

(takes envelope out of purse)  
Your wife subpoenaed me.

MR. SCHUYLER

(sincerely)  
Oh Gretch, I am sorry. Look, I've  
really got to take this call. When  
can I see you again?

GRETCHEN

(opens and reads subpoena)  
9 AM tomorrow.

He winces, nods, and chastely kisses her cheek.

MR. SCHUYLER

So long, cuddles.

She smiles, blows him a little kiss, and exits.

(CONTINUED)



11. CONTINUED

MR. SCHUYLER

Cynthia, I'm sorry to keep you waiting. How are you?

(pause)

Oh no, I'm so sorry to hear that.

(pause)

Yes, of course, now would be a good time to get that all in order.

12. INT. LAW OFFICE - ELEVATOR BANKS - DAY

Roger and Bix walk off the elevator, past the RECEPTIONIST, and into Roger's office.

12A. INT. ROGER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As Roger and Bix walk past Margo.

MARGO

Good morning, Roger.

ROGER

Good morning, Margo.

MARGO

Good Morning, Bix.

Bix BARKS hello. Margo follows them into Roger's office, a stack of phone message slips in her hand.

12B. INT. ROGER'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

ROGER

Got anything good for me today?  
Unfairly evicted tenants? Farm  
workers? Indians?

MARGO

Mr. Van Rensselaer called, he'd like  
you to fire his chauffeur ... Mr.  
Spencer Junior called, he wants you  
to draw up a pre-nuptial agreement  
for Mr. Spencer Senior ... and  
finally Mr. Spencer Senior called,  
he'd like you to find a judge who'll  
marry him and his boyfriend.

(hands him the messages)

May justice prevail.

Roger takes the messages, and considers them as a group.

ROGER

Why do I do it?

(CONTINUED)

123. CONTINUED

MARGO

I think they call it "paying dues".

ROGER

I've been paying dues for eleven  
years. I should own the club by now.

(CONTINUED)

123. CONTINUED

MARGO  
(as she feeds Bix)  
Right on, Roger.

ROGER  
(he is addressing both  
Bix and Margo now)  
Well, no more. If I'm going to do  
this, I'm going to do it right. I  
want worthwhile cases. I want to  
defend right against wrong. And I  
want a partnership.

MARGO  
You're telling the wrong people,  
Roger.

13. INT. MR. SCHUYLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Schuyler is on the phone, his head in his hands.

MR. SCHUYLER  
Seymour, she was the fourth woman  
today to tell me she's been  
subpoenaed!

Roger strides right in and interrupts, waving his handful  
of phone messages.

ROGER  
I have to talk to you.

MR. SCHUYLER  
(still on the phone,  
but waves Roger in)  
No, I don't want her on the stand.  
(pause)  
Well if you don't have the guts to  
handle this right, I'll find someone  
who does!

He slams the phone down and turns to Roger.

MR. SCHUYLER  
I was just going to call you. Get  
Miss Cutwater's files and go out to  
the house. She claims she's finally  
dying and needs to get her affairs in  
order.

ROGER  
No. I'm sorry, but I have to discuss  
my future here with you.

(CONTINUED)

13. CONTINUED

MR. SCHUYLER

(moving him to the door)

I am discussing your future with you.  
You're going to Cynthia Cutwater's  
house.

ROGER

(stopping)

I want a partnership.

MR. SCHUYLER

(has told him this 1000 times)

The day you give up be-bop for the  
law, we'll talk.

ROGER

Start talking.

(Schuyler is taken aback)

I quit the band. As of right now,  
I'm dedicating myself full-time to my  
legal career.

(Schuyler is impressed)

Later today I'm going to buy a vest.

MR. SCHUYLER

Oh my God, you're serious.

ROGER

I am serious. I want to start  
handling real cases ... big cases.  
No more of this trick-or-treat stuff.

MR. SCHUYLER

Roger, Roger, Roger ... I've waited a  
long time to hear you say those  
words. Now listen: long after  
Cynthia's gone, her estate will be  
generating more income for us than  
most small countries see in a year.  
And it's going to require a lot of  
sophisticated legal expertise to  
structure and administer those  
affairs. You handle this part for  
me, and I'll put you in charge of all  
that. Now if that's not real law ...  
if that's not big law ... I don't  
know what is.

Roger eyes him skeptically, but shakes his hand.

14. (DELETED)

15. INT. ROGER'S CAR - DAY

Roger drives, talking to an off-screen passenger.

15. CONTINUED

ROGER

Actually, the more I think about it,  
the better this thing sounds.

We see he is talking with Bix.

ROGER

Don't look at me like that, will you?  
I'm not going in there as a messenger  
boy ...

15A. EXT. CUTWATER MANSION FRONT GATES - DAY

As Roger drives up and the Guard opens the gates.

ROGER

(cont.)

... I'm going in there as a highly  
skilled legal advisor. This is good.

15B. INT. ROGER'S CAR - DAY

As he drives up the entranceway toward the great house.  
(We see Roger's face in the rear-view mirror.)

ROGER

(cont.)

No more being patronized by people  
who think they're better than I am  
because they're rich. From now on,  
I'm going to be respected ...

(beat)

... by people who think they're  
better than I am because they're  
rich.

(to Bix)

Come on, laugh a little.

(Bix BARKS)

That's easy for you to say. You're a  
dog.

16. INT MANSION - DAY

Grayson the butler lets Roger in.

ROGER

Roger Cobb from Schuyler and Mifflin  
to see Miss Cutwater.

GRAYSON

Yes sir, you're expected.

(CONTINUED)

## 16. CONTINUED

At that moment, Dr. Isaacson is passing by on her way upstairs.

DR. ISAACSON  
(shaking his hand)  
Hi, I'll take you up. Betty  
Isaacson. Try not to tire her out  
too much, okay?

Roger follows her gaze to the top of the staircase where  
Cynthia has just wheeled herself (in her MOTORIZED  
WHEELCHAIR) to call down to Grayson. ✓

CYNTHIA  
Grayson? Don't forget to pick up the  
invitations, and be sure they're  
hand-delivered the moment I die.

GRAYSON  
Yes, Madam. ✓

(CONTINUED)

16. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA  
 (noticing Roger approaching)  
 Ah, Mr. ...

ROGER  
 Cobb.

CYNTHIA  
 Cobb. Oh yes, you're the tedious  
 one. Would you be so kind as to  
 wheel me back to my deathbed? ✓

ROGER  
 (smiles, but under  
 his breath says:)  
 I'd be glad to. ✓

As he wheels her down the hallway, she hands him paper  
 after paper from the pile on her lap.

CYNTHIA (cont.)  
 Here is the name of my caterer, and a  
 suggested menu. Make sure they  
 include their goose pate, it's  
 marvelous.

ROGER  
 Excuse me. This is for ... the  
 funeral?

CYNTHIA  
 One does not have goose pate at a  
 funeral.  
 (pushing more papers to him)  
 Now, a Mr. Fulton Norris has a  
 wonderful society orchestra.

ROGER  
 (makes a face)  
 Yes, they're very good. ✓

CYNTHIA  
 I should like you to engage them for  
 the entire weekend.

ROGER  
 Then ... this is ... your wake?

CYNTHIA  
 (stops the chair)  
 If you must know, it's for a party.  
 I'm going to come back from the dead,  
 so I'd like it to be a good one. ✓

(CONTINUED)

## 16. CONTINUED

Roger looks questioningly over to Dr. Isaacson, who responds with a "Wait, You'll see" smile.

ROGER

What makes you think you can do that?

CYNTHIA

Because I'm rich.

She pushes a button and wheels herself into her bedroom. ✓



## 17. INT. CYNTHIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

As they enter, Cynthia pulls out a WALKIE-TALKIE from her wheelchair. ✓

CYNTHIA

Grayson, come in here please. Over.

ROGER

Miss Cutwater, this isn't a parking ticket we're talking about. This ...  
(very carefully)

... this is The Grim Reaper. You cannot bribe The Grim Reaper.

CYNTHIA

(as she gets with great difficulty into her bed) ✓  
Mr. Cobb, I have spent a lifetime shackled by frailty and poor health, wheelchairs and sickbeds. I've had all the money in the world and not one good chance to enjoy it. I've never been to Europe ... I've never ridden my horses ...

(with a catch in her throat)  
I've never danced. So if my wealth cannot help me in this life, then by God it's going to buy me another one!

(Grayson enters)

Grayson, would you please send in Mr. Prakha Lasa and uh, what's-her-name ... Fred's daughter.

GRAYSON

Miss Terry, Madam. ✓

She slaps at him, but he expertly leans away to avoid it. ✓

CYNTHIA

Nobody likes a know-it-all, Grayson. ✓

GRAYSON

No Madam. ✓

ROGER

(as Grayson exits)  
Excuse me, but am I just getting you some goose pate, or do you have any legal work for me?

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

Of course I do. I need you to amend  
my will so that what's-her-name,  
Fred's daughter, will become sole  
inheritor for my entire estate.

(the door opens)

Ah, your Grace ....

Roger turns to the door, but the bashful guru smiles shyly  
and scurries to partially hide behind a screen by the door. ✓

(CONTINUED).

17. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA  
It's alright, Prakha ...

PRAKHA  
(not understanding)  
Alright, Prakha. ✓

But Prakha still hides behind the door.

CYNTHIA  
(as if talking to a puppy)  
Come on. Come on.

PRAKHA ✓  
Come on.

ROGER  
(to Dr. Isaacson)  
What's going on here?

Dr. Isaacson just nods, as if to say "You'll see".

ROGER  
Who's Fred's daughter?

Dr. Isaacson nods toward the door, and Roger turns to see Terry framed in the doorway. And she is gorgeous.

ROGER  
Oh my ...

She smiles, and greets him with her soft, lovely British accent.

TERRY  
Hello, I'm Terry Boyd.

ROGER  
Hi. Roger Cobb.  
(shakes her hand)  
So ... you're Fred's daughter.

TERRY  
Yes.

ROGER  
Who the heck is Fred?

TERRY  
(calls out to the hallway)  
Father, are you coming?

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED

We see Fred Boyd standing sullenly out in the hallway, not wanting to come in.

FRED

(with a Cockney accent)

I don't approve of this. Not one bit.

TERRY

Oh Daddy, please.

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED

She turns to Roger.

TERRY

My father is Miss Cutwater's  
stableman.

(to Fred)

Please, father ... for me ...

FRED

(reluctantly entering)

I'm against the whole thing, I am.

ROGER

(to Cynthia)

I don't understand. You're leaving  
all your money to the stableman's  
daughter, and he's against it?

CYNTHIA

No.

ROGER

But he just said --

TERRY

I will inherit nothing.

ROGER

(to Cynthia)

But you just said you wanted to make  
her your sole beneficiary. ✓

CYNTHIA

That's correct.

ROGER

(to Terry)

So you will inherit the estate.

CYNTHIA

No, she won't.

ROGER

What am I missing here?

TERRY

You see, I'm going to be  
transmigrated.

ROGER

(weakly, as if he understood)

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED

TERRY

(smiles gently)

Transmigrated means that thanks to  
His Holiness, Prakha Lasa, my soul  
will leave my body forever and become  
one with the universe.

Roger just stands there. He is waiting - praying - for  
her to say "Just kidding". But she doesn't.

CYNTHIA

At which time my soul shall enter her  
body.

ROGER

Ohhhh. Good plan.

FRED

I'm sorry, but I don't think it's a  
very good plan at all. My daughter's  
soul leaving her body and going off  
to who-knows-where.

(doffs his cap to Cynthia)

I know I wasn't much of a father to  
her when she was growing up, but I  
won't lose her again. I won't.

Cynthia is being given her pills by the nurse. They are  
dunked in caviar, they way children get theirs in  
applesauce. ✓

ROGER

I'm sorry, Miss Cutwater, but as your  
attorney I must inform you that this  
will could be contested if you are  
deemed ...

(carefully)

... not of perfectly sound mind.

CYNTHIA

Why you presumptuous little insect.  
Are you insinuating I'm not of  
perfectly sound mind? ✓

ROGER

No, I wouldn't do that. But  
practically everybody in the solar  
system would. ✓

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA  
(having palpitations)  
Mr. Cobb, the last thing I need  
around here is your ill-informed  
negativity. So get out!

Dr. Isaacson goes to Cynthia's side, and holds an oxygen  
mask up to Cynthia's face.

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED

DR. ISAACSON

(to Roger)

Thanks for not tiring her out.

(to Cynthia)

Just breathe easy, there you go ...

Roger stands there, not knowing what to do. Behind him, Prakha Lasa and Terry place their fingertips on the rim of a ceremonial BRASS BOWL which sits on a carved pedestal. Both chant OM, occasionally tapping the bowl to hear its pitch and altering their chanted OM to match it.

CYNTHIA

(through her Oxygen mask)

Not yet, not yet! I'm alright!

ROGER

(to Dr. Isaacson)

Is everybody here bananas?

CYNTHIA

(weakly)

Mr. Cobb ... please ...

With a frail gesture she beckons him to come over to her. He does, expecting her to say something weakly to him, but instead, she slaps his face.

CYNTHIA

Now you've hurt my hand. Get out.

ROGER

What century is this?

CYNTHIA

And I'm going to tell Mr. Schuyler you're an insolent little toad and demand that he fire you!

ROGER

Why don't you just enter his body and do it yourself!

He is almost to the door. Cynthia hurls a small object at him.

CYNTHIA

And don't come back, you peasant!

Roger stops in his tracks at the word "peasant". He turns, and points a finger at her, seated beneath the PORTRAIT of her Robber-Baron grandfather on the wall.

(CONTINUED)



17. CONTINUED

ROGER

Peasant??? Listen lady, just because  
my grandfather didn't rape the  
environment and exploit the workers  
doesn't make me a peasant. It's not  
that he didn't want to rape the  
environment and exploit the workers,  
I'm sure he did. It's just that as a  
barber he didn't have much  
opportunity to!

He storms out of the room and slams the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA  
(into the walkie-talkie)  
Grayson, get the car!

18. INT. MANSION HALLWAY - DAY

Roger storms down the staircase. When he gets to the bottom, he sees Terry on the landing above him, calmly watching him. He eyes her suspiciously. Then he chuckles.

ROGER  
I've got to hand it to you. It's brilliant.

TERRY  
(coming down)  
What is.

ROGER  
Your scam. It's legal ... it's logical ... I thought the bit with the bowl was overdoing it a little, but it's certainly original.

She has reached him now, and smiles patiently at this non-believer.

TERRY  
The bowl is attuned to the harmonics produced by Cynthia's life force. When her body dies, the bowl will become the repository of her life-force. I hold the bowl and it becomes the conduit from her body to mine.

ROGER  
And you really believe that.

TERRY  
Yes.

ROGER  
Of course, if you're wrong you inherit 20 million bucks.

(CONTINUED)

13. CONTINUED

TERRY

I don't want her money. I left my father when I was 15, thinking I could find myself in the material world. I found only pain. His Holiness Prakha Lasa teaches that possessions transmit pain ... they breed our suffering. What I want now is something far more valuable than money, far more elusive ... for which I am willing to give up my physical being ...

ROGER

... and become one with the universe.

(CONTINUED)

18. CONTINUED

TERRY

Yes.

ROGER

And you don't think that's just a little bit wacko?

TERRY

Feel my heart.

(places his hand on her wonderful left breast)

You are unhappy. You are anxious and unfulfilled because you are not doing with your life what you wish. I am at peace. Which one of us is crazy?

Roger is touched. He looks deeply into her eyes, and tenderly nods his understanding.

ROGER

You are.

19. INT. PEGGY'S ART GALLERY - DAY

This is obviously a very expensive gallery, catering only to the wealthiest clientele. Some ASSISTANTS scurry about uncrating graveposts and other OBJETS D'AFRICAN ART.

Bix and Roger pace back and forth while Roger addresses Peg who is carefully unpacking sculptures large and small from a very large crate. ✓

ROGER

Peg, I'm 38 years old. I did not give up a career in music to spend the rest of my life playing kiss-ass for your father and his fruitcake clients. I'm tired of being a patronized errand boy, and I'm tired of being an unmarried Honkie Mook! ✓

PEG (o.s.)

(after a little pause)

What?

ROGER

Peggy, please! I am at a turning point in this, the only life I will ever know, and I cannot discuss something so important over a packing crate!

(CONTINUED)

## 19. CONTINUED

She rises from behind the crate holding the carved gravepost that had been inside it.

PEGGY

I'm sorry.

ROGER

Thank you.

She sidles by him to carry the gravepost over to the wall as she continues. ✓

PEGGY

... but I don't want to get married.

ROGER

Why not?

PEGGY ✓

Because when I wanted to get M-ed, you told me I needed a hobby. Well, now I've got one.

(calls to her assistant)

Kenneth, I need a three foot pedestal right now! ✓

(turns back to Roger

without missing a beat)

And I don't feel like changing my life. I travel all over the world, I make lots of money and I can buy myself anything I want. Now I know that sounds really superficial, but for someone who grew up having everything given to them by Daddy, happiness is getting it yourself. ✓

ROGER

Yeah, but look what you do: you sell stuff from cemeteries.

PEGGY

It makes me happy.

(calls to another helper)

Leonard, the track lights have to -- where the hell is Leonard? ✓

(CONTINUED)

19. CONTINUED

ROGER

You're not happy. You're busy.  
There's a difference. Remember how  
happy you used to be? When you had  
time for us?

(CONTINUED)

## 19. CONTINUED

He takes her hand.

ROGER

Remember how you used to come hear me  
and Ty play, and no matter what dump  
he'd booked us in, you'd stay all  
night, and smile right up to closing?

And remember the night Carmen McRae  
showed up real late and sang with us,  
and afterwards you asked her what she  
thought of the guitar player and she  
said "He's good" and how we were so  
thrilled we ran laughing through the  
streets and it was raining and we got  
back to my place and had breakfast  
and made love the whole rest of the  
morning. Remember all that?

PEGGY

(thinks for a second)

No.

Roger is taken aback. Way, way aback.

ROGER

You don't remember that?

(she shakes her head no)

That's the happiest memory I've got.

PEGGY

I'm sorry ...

ROGER

Carmen sang "Green Dolphin Street".  
We made Denver Omelets and you came  
four times.

PEG

I vaguely remember the omelets ...

ROGER

That's it. That's it! Come on, Bix.

(to Peggy)

Thank you very much, and goodbye!

(CONTINUED)

19. CONTINUED

PEG

Damn you Roger! I've got a thousand things on my mind, and you're making me crazy for something that happened years ago. We've had lots of wonderful times, Roger. Not just one... Lots! But the problem was that you were the one who never took us seriously, not me!

ROGER

If I were any more serious right now, I'd be morbid!

PEG

Do you really think you're ready to go to sleep every night with the same woman and wake up every morning with the same woman?

ROGER

Maybe. Who'd you have in mind?

PEG

Roger!

ROGER

I'm kidding. Peggy, haven't I been faithful with you from the start?

PEGGY

Absolutely. Just like you've been faithful with every one of your last 14 girlfriends ... until you left them for the next one.

ROGER

I'm not going to leave you Peggy. I mean, the only reason on earth I could possibly leave you is if you ever ... ever! ... caught me with another woman.

(she starts to react)

I'm kidding! I'm kidding! Jeez, where's your sense of humor?

Peg studies him carefully.

(CONTINUED)



19. CONTINUED

PEGGY

Roger, if you really mean all this,  
then maybe - just maybe - we have  
something to talk about. But if you  
don't ... I will rip your lungs out.

ROGER

You're an incredibly romantic person,  
Peg.

PEG

(laughs)

I know. Now get out of here, you big  
lug, I'm busy. We'll talk later,  
okay?

ROGER

Okay.

She kisses him and returns to her work. Roger exits,  
talking to Bix.

ROGER

See, Bix? That's how you handle  
women. You gotta be subtle. Not  
like you and Mrs. Adler's poodle.  
Jesus, you made a real fool of  
yourself over that bitch.

They exit.

20. INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Roger almost dances in, Bix trailing slowly behind. Margo  
greeted him by reading from a new stack of phone messages.

(CONTINUED)

20. CONTINUED

MARGO

Mr. Doran called, he needs you to set up a Bermuda Corporation so he can write off his honeymoon. Then --

Before she can read any more, Roger takes the messages and throws them in the wastebasket.

ROGER

Forget it. I'm putting an end to this right now. No more Dorans. No more Cutwaters. I'm going to tell Schuyler it's time to play me or trade me.

MARGO

He's in the conference room with Miss Cutwater.

ROGER

(mortified)

What?

MARGO

Also with Miss Cutwater's doctor, Miss Cutwater's Nurse, Mr. Mifflin, some English girl with no bra, and a Hindu holding a bedpan. I don't think you should go in there.

ROGER

(a bit panicked)

Oh God ...

He races out of the room.

21. (DELETED) ✓

22. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mr. Schuyler, MR. MIFFLIN, and Cynthia Cutwater sit at seats around the conference table. (Cynthia is in her wheelchair, breathing oxygen.) Mr. Schuyler's secretary sits nearby, taking notes. Dr. Isaacson, the Nurse and Terry sit in side chairs by the windows, and Prakha Lasa half-hides behind the drapes, from which he peeks out at what follows. ✓

(CONTINUED)

## 22. CONTINUED

MR. SCHUYLER

... We just have a little more to go  
over. Are you sure you're well  
enough to continue?

CYNTHIA

I'm fine, I'm fine.  
(to Dr. Isaacson)  
Tell them.

DR. ISAACSON

You could drop dead any minute.

CYNTHIA

Do you really mean that, or are you  
just saying it to make me feel good?

Just then, Roger enters.

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED

ROGER

I'm very sorry to interrupt.

(to Cynthia)

Madam, I wish to apologize for upsetting you before. Now, if you'll excuse us, I'd like to speak with --

CYNTHIA

Please, young man, don't grovel.

ROGER

I'm not groveling. I'm apologizing. Now I'd like to have a word in private with --

CYNTHIA

If you're trying to save your job, you're too late. It's quite lost by now.

ROGER

What?!?

Roger looks at Schuyler and Mifflin, who avoid his gaze.

ROGER

She can't do this to me.

(no response)

This is my birthday, damnit!

(still they say nothing)

Okay. Fine. But let me tell you something. My father worked himself into an early grave defending the rights of needy people in a rat-infested storefront on Ninth Street. When he died, my mother got a job as a plumber's assistant so I could go to law school and carry on in his name.

(to Schuyler)

So if the only job I can get now is in some skid-row Legal Aid office, I'd just as soon take it than have to kowtow to people like her for the rest of my life!

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED

MR. SCHUYLER  
(leading Roger out)  
Alright, alright, that's enough.

23. INT. LAW OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

As Mr. Schuyler closes the door behind them.

MR. SCHUYLER  
I've never heard such a moronic load  
of crap in my life!

ROGER  
I don't have to take that!

MR. SCHUYLER  
Not you, her! Did you hear what she  
wants to do with her soul?

ROGER  
Yeah!

MR. SCHUYLER  
Jesus Christ, she's loony-tunes!

ROGER  
I know. She's nuts!

MR. SCHUYLER  
But you! You've got guts, Roger. I  
never saw you stand up to anybody  
like that. You've got a fire  
burning inside you to defend clients  
who really need you. And I never  
knew that about your father, and your  
mother.

ROGER  
(proudly)  
I made that up.

MR. SCHUYLER  
You did?

ROGER  
Yeah. You like a man who can think  
on his feet.

MR. SCHUYLER  
(he laughs)  
You really want to be a partner, huh?

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED

ROGER

Yeah.

MR. SCHUYLER

I've got a case that needs a lawyer just like you. Win it and I'll put you up for a partnership.

Mr. Schuyler puts out his hand to shake. Roger eyes him skeptically. ✓

ROGER

It's not for another one of your rich goofballs, is it?

MR. SCHUYLER

It's for a very nice man who's getting divorced.

ROGER

You just got yourself a partner. ✓

They shake hands, and then Schuyler re-enters the conference room. Roger stands there for a few seconds to let the realization of what just happened really sink in. Then he smiles and walks down the hall. ✓

24. INT. ROGER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Margo is typing. Roger walks up behind her, tilts her chair back and kisses her firmly on the mouth.

ROGER

I think I'm going to be a partner.

Then he lifts Bix's front legs and kisses Bix on the mouth.

ROGER

(to Bix)

I think I'm going to be a partner.

He walks to the phone book and flips through it.

ROGER

Norris, Norris ... Fulton Norris  
Orchestra.

He dials the number and speaks with an authoritative clip.

ROGER

Hello, I'm Roger Cobb, one of the  
partners at Schuyler and Mifflin.  
I'm calling about Miss Cutwater's  
affair?

(pause)

Oh, she has? Good. Well, she asked  
us to call you with one additional  
detail. There's a saxophone player  
she's extremely fond of ...

(pause)

Tyrone Wattell. You can reach him  
through the union.

(pause)

Oh, and she'd like him to receive a  
thousand dollars for the night.

(pause)

Thank you. Goodbye.

(hangs up and turns to Margo)

I'm going to inform Mr. Wattell.

He exits and a moment after he disappears into the hallway,  
we hear his triumphant CHORTLE.

25. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Cynthia is examining some legal documents.

MR. SCHUYLER

Now, Mr. Mifflin can witness the  
codicil ... then I'll sign as  
executor of the estate, and then --

Cynthia rises, a far-away look in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

25. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

It's like a long tunnel ...

MR. SCHUYLER

Beg your pardon?

CYNTHIA

A very bright light at the end ...

MR. SCHUYLER

What?

DR. ISAACSON

Cynthia?

CYNTHIA

People ... beckoning me ...

MR. SCHUYLER

What the hell is she talking about?

She turns to Prakha Lasa and Terry. Her eyes widen and tear over. She nods at them.

CYNTHIA

Ommmm ...

She collapses just as the Doctor and Nurse get to her side to catch her. Prakha and Terry instantly start to tap the bowl (which is on its pedestal) and chant OM. Dr. Isaacson and the Nurse help Cynthia onto the floor. Schuyler, Mifflin, and the secretary watch in distress.

Cynthia's occasional gurgles are interrupting her OM-chant, so Prakha waddles over to correct her pitch, leaving Terry by the window, her fingertips on the rim of the brass bowl. Prakha kneels right beside Cynthia's head, and in so doing starts jockeying for position with the Doctor and Nurse.

DR. ISAACSON

(to the Nurse)

I'm not getting a pulse. MS 10 IV.

The Doctor straps a blood pressure cuff on Cynthia's right arm as the Nurse prepares the injection. Cynthia's eyelids flutter, but she smiles beatifically.

CYNTHIA

It's alright. I'm going to dance  
.... I'm going to swim .... I'm going  
to shop ....

(CONTINUED)



25. CONTINUED

Then her eyes close and Prakha leans in closer to chant OM into her ear just as Dr. Isaacson is ready to inject the morphine. ✓

26. CLOSE ON BOWL

It suddenly shakes and makes a brief, but deep, CLUNKING sound. As if something unseen had just plopped into it.

27. BACK TO CYNTHIA

Prakha Lasa is really crowding Dr. Isaacson and the Nurse, so they give him a healthy shove.

DR. ISAACSON

Get out of my way!

28. SLOW MOTION

Prakha stumbles backward into Schuyler and Mifflin.

DR. ISAACSON (o.s.)

Somebody call an ambulance!

## 29. CLOSE ON BOWL

Still in SLOW MOTION, as we see Mr. Schuyler's rear end back into the bowl on the pedestal.

DR. ISAACSON (o.s.)

Don't just stand there ...

The bowl slides across the windowsill and out the window.

DR. ISAACSON (o.s.)

... I'm losing her!

## 30. EXT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

At NORMAL SPEED, Roger emerges from the building with Bix, and takes a deep breath - a happy man's breath - and we can almost see the tingles of promise that dance through his body. He is the very picture of a man about to embrace a new, more fulfilling life.

## 31. EXT. - THE BOWL

Falling through the air in SLOW MOTION down the side of the building and finally passing through the frame.

DR. ISAACSON (o.s.)

I lost her.

A moment later we hear it hit something with a THUD.

ROGER (o.s.)

Ow!

The camera continues to TILT down the side of the building until it reaches ground level where we see Roger on one knee, staggered by the impact of the bowl that lies by his side. (The action is again at NORMAL SPEED).

ROGER

What the hell was that?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Where am I?

ROGER

What?

But no one is there. Suddenly, his lungs fill with a giant breath. ✓

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I'm breathing ... I must be alive. ✓

(CONTINUED)

31. CONTINUED

ROGER

Who said that?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

But wait. I've already died. ✓

ROGER

I'm picking up "General Hospital" in  
my fillings. ✓

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Then it worked! Oh my Lord, it  
worked! ✓

Roger's body starts to rise, but the expression on his face  
shows surprise at the movement.

ROGER

What the ...

Like a colt taking its first stiff-legged steps, he starts  
walking toward Cynthia's limo (License Plate CUT H20).

ROGER

What the hell is happening to me???

Then, a higher-pitched, patrician-toned voice comes out of  
Roger's mouth. It is Roger's voice being used by Cynthia.

(NOTE: Whenever Cynthia speaks out loud through Roger's  
mouth, we hear Roger's voice "imitating" Cynthia. But when  
we hear Cynthia's thoughts, or when we see her reflection  
in a mirror speaking, it is in her own voice.)

ROGER

(in his higher voice)

I feel like the healthiest woman  
alive! ✓

Bix looks every bit as puzzled at this as Roger, who grabs  
his own throat as if to stop this other voice.

ROGER

What? Who said that? I did. I'm  
going crazy. ✓

Several people - including Grayson, who is waiting at the  
limo - stand around and gawk at this lunatic.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Uh oh. That doesn't sound like  
Terry. ✓

(CONTINUED)

## 31. CONTINUED

ROGER

No. I'm not crazy. Something hit me  
on the head and I'm hallucinating.  
That's all.

He reaches over to the limousine's passenger side mirror  
and turns it so that he can examine the bump on his  
forehead. What he sees instead makes him jump.

ROGER

Aaaaaa!

## 32. THE MIRROR

Cynthia's horror-struck face is reflected back at him. And  
she can't believe who she's looking at, either.

CYNTHIA

Oh shit!

ROGER

What are you doing in there?

CYNTHIA

(to the heavens above)

Dear God, what did I ever do to you?  
Don't you get enough laughs up there?

ROGER

Why are you doing this to me?

CYNTHIA

(choked-up with self-pity)

I don't believe this. I can't even  
die right!

## 33. BACK TO ROGER

ROGER

Somebody please tell me this is not  
happening.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I'm afraid it is.

Now Roger notices the crowd of on-lookers and tries to walk  
away, but can move only his left leg.

ROGER

Oh Jesus, I'm paralyzed! I can't  
move my right leg.

(CONTINUED)

33. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Here. Let me try.

Roger watches in amazement as his right leg advances a step. Unfortunately, the step lands right on his SUNGLASSES, which had been lying on the ground. He stumbles toward the street, looking like someone who has just been outfitted with artificial legs.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

We obviously have mutual control of our body.

ROGER

(bursts out loud)

Our body? It's my body! And I'm not sharing my body with anyone!

Two HARD HATS walk by just as he says that. Without breaking stride, one says:

HARD HAT

Everybody gonna be real disappointed.

Suddenly, Roger realizes that he is walking up the steps to the law firm. He stops by dragging his left leg.

ROGER

Wait a second. Where are we going?

(in his higher voice)

We've got to find Prakha Lasa!

(in his own voice)

I can't go in there like this. My boss'll think I'm --

(to the eavesdropping bystanders)

Excuse me! This is a private conversation, do you mind?

Suddenly, his right leg takes a step forward. He fights in vain against it. His left leg is dragged forward.

ROGER

No!

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Please! Just do as I say ...

ROGER

No!

Again, his right leg steps and his left one drags. Step, drag, step, drag ...

## 34. DOWN THE STREET

A police car brakes to a halt and the two OFFICERS inside crane their necks to get a better view. Even the street-mime has stopped performing to watch Roger, having lost most of his audience to him anyway.

## 35. BACK TO ROGER

He is still struggling step-drag, step-drag, toward the front steps. We can hear the huffing and puffing of all this exertion in Cynthia's and Roger's thoughts.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Hmm ... you seem to have control over the left side of your body ...

Roger angrily grabs the edge of the building with his left hand and holds on.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

... while I feel dominant on the right side. Oh, let go of that!

Roger's right hand reaches over and bends his left fingers way, way back, releasing his grip on the building.

ROGER

(in true agony)

Ow! You bitch!

(in his higher voice)

How about a little respect for the deceased?

And Roger's right hand slaps his own face.

ROGER

Hey!

His left hand grabs the right one.

ROGER

(in his higher voice)

Ow! Let go of my hand, you brute!

(in his own voice)

I will not!

## 36. THE COPS

The cops are just about to go get him when they notice the mime approach Roger and begin aping his erratic behavior. The crowd which had been watching the mime down the street follows and joins up with the crowd watching Roger.

## 37. AND BACK TO ROGER

Roger's wounded left hand weakly grabs the railing on the front steps to prevent his right foot from dragging him up the steps. Roger watches in horror as the mime does the same thing with the other railing.

ROGER  
(through clenched teeth)  
I'm not going in there ...

His left foot then stomps on his own right foot and kicks its shin. The mime does the same.

ROGER  
Ow!  
(to the mime)  
What are you doing???

The mime silently mouths "Ow! What are you doing?", while contorting his face into a caricature of torment and mimicking the kicked left foot's shaking-off of its pain.

ROGER  
(in his higher voice)  
Don't you kick me!

The right hand slaps his face. The mime mimics.

ROGER  
Get out of here!!!

The mime mimics yelling "Get out of here". The crowd loves it. The cops laugh along with everyone else.

ROGER  
(in his higher voice)  
Why are you fighting me? I just want  
to find Prakha Lasa to --  
(sotto voce, in  
his own voice)  
Will you shut up! People are  
watching!

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
Then just stop it! If you want me  
out of you then you simply must stop  
this ridiculous behavior!

Roger's right foot stops trying to drag him up the steps, and his left hand cautiously lets go of the rail. The mimic does the same, and bows to the crowd. They applaud. Some pitch coins and one even hands Roger a dollar bill.

(CONTINUED)

## 37. CONTINUED

The mimic continues to bow as he picks up the money and occassionally offers a "take a bow" arm gesture toward Roger who weakly smiles and nods his head. Roger just stands there, trying to slow down his agitated breathing as the cops get back in their car and drive off.

(CONTINUED)



## 37. CONTINUED

When everyone else has gone, and all the money has been gathered, the still-smiling mime sidles up to Roger and plucks the dollar bill out of his injured hand.

MIME

(Brooklyn accent)

This is my street, asshole. I ever see you again, I'll break your face.

Roger is too tired and confused to even bother trying to respond. The mime walks away. Roger examines the swollen and bruised fingers of his left hand.

ROGER

Lady, I don't know how you got in there, but we're gonna get you out of me. Right now! Let's go. ✓

CYNTHIA (v/o) ✓

All right.

He enters the building.

## 37A. INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Roger walks to the elevator. Bix waits at the door, cautiously watching his master's weird half-man/half-woman walk.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

All we have to do is find Prakha Lasa.

ROGER

Actually, there's something else we've got to do first.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

What's that?

ROGER

We really have to take a leak.

He enters the elevator, and Bix runs in after him.

## 38. INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Roger and Bix emerge from the elevator.

ROGER

Go see Margo.

Bix takes off, and Roger walks as best he can to the Mens' Room, just as Mr. Mifflin emerges from it.

(CONTINUED)

38. CONTINUED

MR. MIFFLIN  
Isn't it awful?

ROGER  
You have no idea.

Mr. Mifflin walks on as Roger moves awkwardly to the Men's Room and stops right in front of it. ✓

(CONTINUED)

38. CONTINUED

ROGER

(in his higher voice)

I can't go in there! That's the men's room!

(in his own voice)

Just shut up and do what I say!

Mr. Miffelin stops and turns, very curious about that.

39. INT. LAW OFFICE MENS ROOM - DAY

Roger walks up to a urinal and looks up. The sight of Cynthia's face in the mirror before him startles him, but he quickly collects himself.

CYNTHIA

Don't you ever yell at me.

ROGER

I'm sorry, but this is not my idea of a good time.

CYNTHIA

Well I'm not exactly having one of my best days either. I died five minutes ago.

Then he tries to unzip his zipper with his still-disabled left hand (the one whose fingers Cynthia bent back outside), but winces in pain. He looks at the injured fingers and sighs.

ROGER

Oh God. You'll have to do it.

CYNTHIA

I'll have to do what?

ROGER

You know ... take it out.

CYNTHIA

Take what out?

ROGER

You know ... my penis.

CYNTHIA

How dare you say penis to a dead person!

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTINUED

ROGER

Lady ... if you don't give Big Ed  
some air, he's gonna piss all over  
your half of my body!

CYNTHIA

(drawing courage)

Very well ...

The right hand unzips the fly and thrusts itself with much  
too much force into Roger's private parts. He practically  
flies across the room.

ROGER

Whoa! Whoa!! Hey!!!

Finally, he grabs his right hand, pulls it out of his  
pants, and pins it against the wall. It tries to slap at  
him, but his left hand prevents it.

ROGER

Alright. Now we're going to try it  
again ... this time, easy!

They return to the urinal. The right hand tries it again,  
fumbling around in his pants.

ROGER

Careful ... careful ...

(and fumbles around some more)

What the hell are you doing in there?

CYNTHIA

I'm trying to release your Mr. Ed.  
This undergarment is so confusing.

Roger does not see Mr. Mifflin crack open the door to  
observe Roger groping inside his own pants.

ROGER

Well stop playing with it already and  
pull it out!

Mr. Mifflin GASPS and exits. Roger and Cynthia realize  
they have been observed.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

You don't have to talk out loud. I  
can hear your thoughts.

ROGER (v/o)

Oh great, just what I wanted.

## 40. INT. LAW BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Roger emerges from the bathroom just as PARAMEDICS run through the office. He sees Mr. Mifflin standing there, looking at him strangely. ✓

(CONTINUED)

40. CONTINUED

ROGER

Uh, I was just sort of talking to myself, in there ... it wasn't anything really.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Oh, there's Fred's daughter.

Roger finds his right arm waving effeminately right in front of Mr. Mifflin's face.

ROGER

(in his higher voice)

Yoo hoo, Terry!

(in his own voice)

Stop that!

His left hand quickly pulls his right hand down, but not soon enough to keep Mr. Mifflin from deciding Roger is truly unbalanced, and backing away.

ROGER

(sotto voce)

From now on, don't use my mouth, and try to walk more like a man!

MR. MIFFLIN

Okay, okay!

Mifflin walks a little more manly, and Terry comes over to Roger.

TERRY

Oh Mr. Cobb, I feel so terrible ...

ROGER

I know. It's not your fault it didn't work.

TERRY

What? How did you know it didn't work?

ROGER

(starts looking around for Prakha)

You're not going to believe this -- Hey, where's the swami?

TERRY

(not understanding)

He left when all those people came in. He's very shy, you know.

(CONTINUED)

40. . CONTINUED

ROGER

What do you mean "left"? Where did he go?

(in his Cynthia voice)

Oh, stop worrying. I know where to find him.

(in his own voice)

You better had.

TERRY

Mr. Cobb?

ROGER

You still want to go through with this transmigration thing, right?

TERRY

Well, yes, but she's --

ROGER

Fine. We'll go get Gunga Din and --

Just then, Mr. Schuyler's secretary appears.

SECRETARY

Mr. Cobb, excuse me. Mr. Schuyler needs to see you. Right away.

ROGER

Uh, yeah ... just a minute.

(to Terry)

Where can we reach you?

TERRY

I'm staying at Miss Cutwater's. Who's "we"?

SECRETARY

Now, Roger.

ROGER

I'll explain later.

(Terry looks confused)

Trust me.

She nods an uncertain yes, as Roger runs to Mr. Schuyler's office, still walking half-man/half-woman.

ROGER

Don't swing your arms so much.

## 41. INT. SCHUYLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Roger enters, passing Mifflin on the way out. Mifflin has obviously just told Schuyler about Roger's odd behavior, as Schuyler eyes Roger suspiciously.

MR. SCHUYLER

Are you feeling alright?

ROGER

Yeah, I'm just ... this whole Cutwater thing ... really got under my skin. Look, I need to leave for about an hour to --

MR. SCHUYLER

Forget it. We go to court tomorrow. Clear the decks.

(pushes a stack of documents across the desk)

It's my divorce.

(Roger's jaw drops)

Nobody knew. It's rather an embarrassment to me. I had Seymour Jessup representing me, but he ain't doing squat. He wants me to settle. You want to be a partner? Do for me what you did in the Brenner case.

ROGER (v/o)

Oh God, not now.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Just explain to him what happened.

ROGER (v/o)

Are you crazy? I don't even believe it. I tell him, he'll have me put away.

(aloud, to Mr. Schuyler)

Uh, sir ... before I can do any of this, there is something very personal, and very important I have to clear up --

MR. SCHUYLER

Yes, of course. Sit down. I'll tell you everything.

ROGER

No, no I --

(CONTINUED)



41. CONTINUED

MR. SCHUYLER

Don't be embarrassed. You're going to be my son-in-law someday, that makes us family. Families are open and honest with each other. Families have no secrets. I started cheating on my wife three years ago ...

CYNTHIA (v/o)

(makes Roger sit)

Oh good! Man-talk.

MR. SCHUYLER

I never intended to. But women started throwing themselves at me.

ROGER

(in his higher voice)

He must be joking.

MR. SCHUYLER

What?

ROGER

(feigning a coughing attack)

I ... must be choking.

MR. SCHUYLER

Anyway, I know it's not because I'm Paul Newman, or anything ...

ROGER

(in his higher voice)

You can say that again.

MR. SCHUYLER

What?

ROGER (v/o)

Shut up, lady!

(aloud, in his own voice)

Uh ... could you say that again?

Roger reaches for pen and paper as if he wanted to start taking notes. Mr. Schuyler is puzzled.

MR. SCHUYLER

I'm not Paul Newman?

ROGER

(writing it down)

... not ... Paul ... Newman.

(CONTINUED)

41. CONTINUED

Mr. Schuyler senses something is weird here, but continues anyway.

MR. SCHUYLER

Anyway, it seems that one of my wife's friends lost her husband ... women usually outlive their men, you know ... and, well ... she found herself suddenly cut off from her normal sexual relations, and --

ROGER

-- and she turned to you, and you comforted her.

(rising)

I understand, sir. You didn't do anything really wrong.

MR. SCHUYLER

(pushing him back down)

You better believe it. I was incredible.

ROGER

I see. Well ...

(gathers documents  
and rises again)

I think I can figure out the rest.

MR. SCHUYLER

(following him to the door.)

Then another one was widowed.

ROGER

Okay. Two little indiscretions.  
That isn't so --

MR. SCHUYLER

Then another. And another. Pretty soon just going to a funeral would give me a hard-on.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Speaking on behalf of the dead, I find this disgusting!

ROGER

(as he exits)

I think I've got the picture now ...

## 42. LAW OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Without missing a syllable, Mr. Schuyler follows Roger out the door, down the hall, and finally to Roger's office.

MR. SCHUYLER

Those old darlings have given new purpose to my life. They've allowed me the opportunity to give something back to the world, not just take, take, take.

(noticing Roger's walk)

Are you sure you're okay?

ROGER

I'm fine, I'm fine.

(voice/over)

Walk like a man, walk like a man.

SCHUYLER

Do you know what I'm saying? I get to give love and happiness to lonely people who need and appreciate it. Hell, I'm the West Coast distributor of love and happiness! And for this, I have to go to court? I don't deserve that ... I should get a dinner!

They have now reached Roger's office.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

He should get a social disease!

ROGER

Okay. Don't you worry. I won't let you down.

MR. SCHUYLER

I'm counting on you ... son.

He puts out his hand to shake.

ROGER (v/o)

Shake hands with the nice man.

Roger's right hand extends in a limp-wristed "Kiss my hand" fashion. So Roger's left hand - the one that he controls - quickly corrects the right hand's position.

ROGER

You won't regret this, sir.

(CONTINUED)

42. CONTINUED

MR. SCHUYLER

I know I won't.

(as Roger enters his office)

If I do, you'll never practice in the  
free world again.

Roger smiles weakly and closes the door behind him.

## 43. INT. ROGER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

MARGO

What's the good word, Roger?

Roger smiles at Margo and tries to pretend nothing is wrong as he walks past her and Bix into his inner office.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

The man is a shameless libertine! I certainly hope you plan on losing that case.

ROGER (v/o)

The only thing I plan on losing is you.

Roger walks into his inner office, followed by Bix.

MARGO

Nice talking to you, Roger.

## 44. INT. ROGER'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

As he enters.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

You know, you have a lot to learn about making a person feel welcome.

Roger angrily kicks the door completely closed behind him and addresses Cynthia's startled reflection in the coat-rack mirror by the door.

ROGER

Let's get something straight, here, okay? I never liked you when you were in your own body. I certainly don't like you in mine!

Cynthia's reflection responds with hurt in her eyes.

CYNTHIA

I don't see why you're getting so upset about all this.

ROGER

Because I want my body back! And my freedom and my privacy! And most of all, because I want to be able to take a leak without being fondled!

CYNTHIA

You may find this hard to believe, but fondling you while you make pee-pee is not my idea of a good time!

44. CONTINUED

ROGER

Fine!

(holds up the telephone)  
It's Two o'clock. I've got a lot of  
work to do. I want you out of me by  
Three!

CYNTHIA

Alright, alright.

(flips through phone book)  
Poor dear's never been away from  
Tibet. So I put him up at The  
Ambassador.

45. INT. PRAKHA LASA'S HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - DAY

Absolutely Five-Star. We follow the sound of gentle falsetto humming to the bathroom, where Prakha Lasa eyes the various fixtures with total ignorance and great curiosity. He pushes the toilet flush lever and is absolutely enthralled with the rapid rush of water emptying and refilling the bowl. Then, the PHONE RINGS.

The lovely bell sound pleases him, so he flushes again. Another RING of the phone. He clearly has no idea what this water bowl is for and why it makes a bell ring in the next room, but it pleases him, so he keeps doing it. Flush. Ring. Flush. Ring. Pretty soon, the phone stops ringing (Cynthia having hung up).

He frowns, flushes the toilet once more, and again hears no bell. Saddened, he waddles out into the living room.

46. INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

The DESK CLERK is on the phone.

CLERK

No, he hasn't checked out. Let me  
try once more.

47. INT. PRAKHA LASA'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Prakha sits sadly by the phone, when it starts ringing again. Confused but delighted, he lopez off to the bathroom to merrily flush some more.

48. INT. ROGER'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Roger hangs up. Cynthia's reflection in the mirror appears troubled.

(CONTINUED)

48. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

Oh dear.

ROGER

Yeah, "Oh dear".

(mocking)

Don't worry. I know where to find him.

(snorts)

Good going, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

It's Miss Cutwater to you.

49. INT. ROGER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Peggy arrives just as we hear from within Roger's inner office: ✓

ROGER (o.s.)

Any woman who fondles me in a mens room, I think I can be on a first-name basis with.

Peggy exchanges a puzzled glance with Margo.

ROGER (o.s.)

(in his higher voice)

That's not fair! You told me to pull out your penis!

MARGO

How about a cup of coffee? ✓

But Peggy throws open the door and storms into Roger's inner office.

50. INT. ROGER'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

PEGGY

Where is she?

ROGER

Oh Christ.. Look, --

PEGGY

Where is she???

ROGER

There's nobody here.

(CONTINUED)

## 50. CONTINUED

Peggy storms through the office,, even looking under the desk and out on the window ledge, while Bix pulls on Roger's right hand as if to say "Here she is!"

(CONTINUED)



50. CONTINUED

PEGGY

Liar! I heard her. "Ready to settle down", huh?

ROGER

Peggy, I swear it. There is nobody else here.

PEGGY

(going into the closet)  
Come on out, you little slut.

ROGER

(in his higher voice)  
Who is she calling a slut?  
(in his own voice)  
Shhhh!!!

PEGGY

(runs back)  
I heard that! Come on, deny it!  
Where is she???

Bix still won't let go of Roger's right hand.

ROGER

It was me. Bix, stop that!

Chastized, Bix ambles over to Roger's left side and nuzzles up against him.

PEGGY

What was you?

ROGER

The voice you heard. I was talking to myself.

Peggy looks skeptical.

ROGER

Listen.  
(voice-over, to Cynthia)  
Say something, stupid.  
(to Peg, in his higher voice)  
Your haircut is ridiculous.  
(in his own voice)  
Oh God.

Peggy rears back and slaps his face.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

At least she slapped your side.

(CONTINUED)

50. CONTINUED

PEGGY

And who did I hear you say was  
fondling you in a mens' room?

ROGER

Me.

PEGGY

Liar!

She slaps his face again; this time, the other side.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

How dare she!

And before Roger can stop it, his right hand slaps Peggy.

ROGER

Cynthia!!!

PEGGY

Cynthia? My name is Peggy, you pig!

ROGER

Please, let me explain. It's Cynthia  
Cutwater. She died today.

PEGGY

(eyes widening in horror)  
You did it with a dead woman??? Oh,  
you're sick, Roger.

Roger just shakes his head in sorrowful frustration.

PEGGY

And to think I came up here even to  
discuss marrying you despite the fact  
that I heard what you're doing to my  
mother.

ROGER

How did your mother get into this?

PEGGY

I just found out you're going to  
court tomorrow to represent the other  
side against my own mother!

ROGER

I'm representing your father!

(CONTINUED)

50. CONTINUED

PEGGY

You're going to try to beat my mother!

ROGER

Oh God!

PEGGY

Roger, your necrophilia can be treated. I'll overlook that. But if you go to court tomorrow, we're through!

ROGER

If I don't, your father will have my balls!

PEGGY

Then it's either me or your balls, Roger. You can't have both.

Roger turns to look at Cynthia's reflection in the mirror on the wall.

CYNTHIA

Hmm, interesting choice. I'm not certain what purpose balls actually serve, but they've got to make a better pair than the two of you!

PEGGY

Well?

ROGER

I'm very attached to them, Peg.

PEGGY

Goodbye Roger!

(spins on her heels,  
then stops)

By the way, I never liked your dog and I think jazz is stupid!

She exits, slamming the door behind her. A moment later, she re-enters. ✓

PEGGY

And I faked all those orgasms. Yowee, yowee, yowee! Sound familiar? ✓

She exits. Roger calls after her. ✓

(CONTINUED)

50. CONTINUED

ROGER

Oh yeah? Well I faked mine too!

Now it's Roger's turn to slam the door shut. He turns to the mirror.

CYNTHIA

Believe me, we're better off without her. She's not right for us.

Roger picks up a paperweight, and throws it right at Cynthia's reflection in the mirror. Cynthia SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

## 50. CONTINUED

Bix howls and runs for cover. The mirror shatters into a thousand pieces, with only one jagged section remaining in the frame. In that section, Cynthia's reflection remains.

CYNTHIA

You know, ever since our little accident, I have sensed a lot of hostility coming from you.

ROGER

Forgive me. But my entire future is going straight down the sewer because I've got a dead woman living inside me, and the only person who can get her out is some cosmic weirdo you can't even find.

CYNTHIA

I can so find him.

(pause)

I think.

(then)

Wait! I'm sure I know where he'll be tonight. Do you have a car?

Roger looks at the documents Schuyler gave him, sighs with frustration that he can't get to work, and exits.

## 51. EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Roger's CAR lurches down the street, much to the annoyance of other drivers who honk furiously at him. From within the car, Roger yells at Cynthia's right hand:

ROGER

Shift damnit!

We HEAR the grinding of gears, and see more lurching.

ROGER

What are you doing???

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I never learned how to drive. What's a shift?

ROGER

Not the brake, the gas!

## 52. INT. ROGER'S CAR - DAY

The car keeps lurching as Roger tries to shift with his left hand, and Bix keeps growling at Cynthia's right hand. She swats him. Roger has to use his left hand to break up the fight between his right hand and his dog. ✓

(CONTINUED)

52. CONTINUED

ROGER

Stop it!

CYNTHIA

(in the mirror)

He started it!

ROGER

That's it!

He sharply turns a corner.

CYNTHIA

This isn't the way. Where are we going?

ROGER

It's bad enough I have to put up with you, but I will not subject my dog to this one minute more!

53. EXT. MUSIC CENTER PLAZA - DAY

Tyrone is playing his saxophone. Roger and Bix approach.

ROGER

Ty, I gotta talk to you.

TYRONE

Roger Dodger! Hey man, I got a call from the union 'bout some gig. They wouldn't say who recommended me, but I smelled your fingerprints all over it. Thanks, bro.

ROGER

Oh, it was nothing. Really.

(in his higher voice)

Can we get on with this, please?

(in his normal voice)

Will you be quiet!!!

TYRONE

Who's that? You with someone?

ROGER

Uhh ... sort of, yeah.

TYRONE

Well, where your manners, chump? Introduce me to the lady.

(CONTINUED)

53. CONTINUED

ROGER

Uhh ...  
(there's no way out of this)  
Cynthia Cutwater ... Tyrone Wattel.

TYRONE

Cynthia, pleased to meet you.

Tyrone extends his hand, and Roger shakes it. He feels foolish, but he does it.

ROGER

(in his higher voice)  
How do you do.

TYRONE

(kisses Roger's right hand)  
She got hairy knuckles for a chick.

A BYSTANDER sees this and shoots Roger a dirty look, for playing such a cheap trick on a poor blind man.

ROGER

Uh, look. I need a favor. Could you take care of Bix for a while?

TYRONE

Why sure, I'd -- waaaaiitt a second.  
What's wrong, Roger?

ROGER

I really don't think I can explain it.

TYRONE

What's wrong, Roger?

ROGER

(sigh)  
Cynthia died today and her soul went into this bowl, but the bowl fell out the window and hit me on the head, so her soul entered me and took over the right half of my body.

TYRONE

Why didn't you say so in the first place?

ROGER

I knew you'd understand.  
(bends down to Bix)  
You be a good boy, okay?

(CONTINUED)



## 53. CONTINUED

Bix whines. Roger pats his head and looks up at Tyrone.

ROGER

Hey man, I appreciate your not having me committed.

TYRONE

Hell, I got crazier friends than you ... I just ain't got many better.

ROGER

Thanks, pal. Later.

TYRONE

(as Roger exits)

Nice to meet you, Cynthia. ✓

## 54. EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

A grand old CATHEDRAL, beautifully maintained ... obviously the Church of The Blue Bloods. The message board reads: 6 PM - CYNTHIA CUTWATER MEMORIAL SERVICE. Roger walks toward the entrance.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

It's all in the will. Tasteful memorial service tonight. Formal funeral tomorrow.

ROGER

What makes you so sure Prak'll be here?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

He's a holy man. Where else would he go?

ROGER

There's a Buddhist massage parlor on Pico.

CYNTHIA (v/o) ✓

Tsk.

## 55. (DELETED)

## 56. INT. CATHEDRAL SANCTUARY - DAY

Roger steps inside and looks around. He sees hundreds of lit candles surrounding a huge wreath in front of the pews ... 2 dozen robed CHOIR MEMBERS on the pulpit, looking like so many angels ... and the bifocalled MINISTER addressing a completely empty house. Not one mourner in the place. ✓

(CONTINUED)

56. CONTINUED

MINISTER

... a woman who would rather buy a  
candle than curse the darkness ...

(CONTINUED)

56. CONTINUED

ROGER

(whispers)

Boy, you really pack 'em in, don't you?

MINISTER

Hello. Please ... come in. I can start over if you like.

ROGER

No. That's okay.

Roger takes a seat in a middle pew.

MINISTER

And we wonder, Oh Lord, what it means when a person passes away and so few take the time to pay final respects.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Oh big deal.

MINISTER

Bishop Ryan feels we can attribute it to increased competition from Cable TV and video games. "It's the church versus Donkey Kong", he says ...

ROGER

(whispers to Cynthia)

He's not here. Let's go look for him okay?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

We will wait here until he shows up. Besides, I want to hear the choir.

ROGER

(whispers)

Lady, I have to prepare for the most important case of my life. Let's get out of here, huh?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Are you telling me you won't even let me enjoy my own memorial service?

ROGER

(sigh)

Alright ...

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

56. CONTINUED

Roger nods and settles back as the Minister leaves the pulpit, and the choir begins to SING some magnificent, mournful cantata.

DISSOLVE TO:

57. INT. SANCTUARY - NIGHT.

It is much later. The candles have burned down to the nubs, and Roger is fast asleep in the pew, still the only mourner in the place. The choir is now casually massed on and off the altar - some stand, some sit - and after a few bars of humming, we realize they are singing the nostalgic old Four Lads song, "Moments to Remember" in glee-club style harmony.

CHOIR

"The New Years Eve  
We did the town,  
The night we tore  
The goalposts down;  
We'll have these  
Moments to Remember."

As they continue, we see a woman's lovely hand gently shake Roger's shoulder to waken him. It is Terry's.

ROGER

Euh. Euh?

TERRY

Roger.

It takes a moment for Roger to realize he has been sleeping. He looks around to orient himself.

ROGER

What time is it?

TERRY

Almost midnight. Roger, this  
afternoon you were going to tell me  
how you knew it didn't work.

As she is saying this, he yawns and rubs his eyes with both hands, then stops suddenly and looks with surprise at his right hand.

ROGER

Cynthia?

(CONTINUED)

57. CONTINUED

He listens very carefully and hears a faint, echoed SNORING. He looks again at his right hand, wiggles the fingers, lifts his right leg, and grins widely.

ROGER

She's asleep.

TERRY

Who's asleep?

ROGER

Shhh! Cynthia. Don't wake her.

With delight, he wiggles his right hand again.

ROGER

This is great! When she's asleep, I can --

TERRY

Roger ... Cynthia's dead.

ROGER

No she's not. She entered me instead of you.

TERRY

What???

ROGER

Hey, where's the Prak?

TERRY

I ... I haven't seen him.

ROGER

Maybe he's back at the hotel. ✓

TERRY

I just called. There's no answer.

ROGER

Then we'd better go there and wait for him. We've got to find that guy. I can't take this much more. ✓

TERRY

(starts massaging his shoulders sensually)

You poor dear ... you just relax and stop worrying. ✓

(CONTINUED)

57. CONTINUED

ROGER

(a little less assertively)  
Don't you think we should go look for him?

TERRY

I'm sure he'll be at the funeral in the morning. And if Miss Cutwater really is inside you, he will help her leave your body ...

(whispers)

... and enter mine.

ROGER

I think I envy her.

TERRY

(whispers sultrily)

Oh Roger, this morning, when I placed your hand on my breast ... did you feel anything special?

ROGER

Yeah, I felt your ...

TERRY

I felt something very special pass between us. Oh, Roger, by this time tomorrow, my soul will be gone. I'd like to know love one last time.

ROGER

(weakening)

But ... we have to ...

TERRY

Please, Roger, let me take the memory of passion to sustain me in the next world. ✓

ROGER

(gulps)

As long as it's for a good cause ...

58. INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roger and Terry hungrily paw and kiss each other as they hurry through the door and through the living room.

ROGER

We'll have to be very quiet ...

(CONTINUED)

58. CONTINUED

TERRY

(panting)

I'm not sure that will be possible.

They pass into the bed room.

59. INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Standing by the window, lit only by moonlight, they eagerly undress each other, kissing and moaning as they do.

When the last stitch of clothing has been thrown aside, Terry kisses her way down Roger's chest. Roger lets out a heartfelt moan, but quickly suppresses it in an effort to be as quiet as possible. We can see, however, that this is some effort.

ROGER

(his eyes closed)

Sshhh, keep sleeping Cynthia ...

Terry stands up and puts a quieting finger on Roger's lips. She backs away to the bed, clothed only by the shadows.

TERRY

I am naked, my darling. For you.

(stretches out enticingly

under the top sheet)

Have me. Take me. Now.

Roger can control himself no longer.

ROGER

(loudly)

Oh, God ...

(practically leaps on her)

Oh God, oh God ...

TERRY

Sshhh. Yes, darling, sshhh ...

ROGER

Oh God!

CYNTHIA (sleepy v/o)

Em? What?

ROGER

Oh God.

TERRY

Yes, yes, sshhh ...

(CONTINUED)

59. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA  
(sleepy v/o)  
What's going on here?

ROGER  
Oh no!

TERRY  
Oh yes!

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
What are you doing to her?

ROGER (v/o)  
Nothing. Go back to sleep. You're  
dreaming. I'm Napoleon. She's ...  
Eleanor Roosevelt.

(aloud, in his higher voice)  
Why, Miss Boyd, you whore! You  
filthy whore!

ROGER  
Oh no!

TERRY  
(very excited)  
Oh yes, Roger!!!

ROGER  
(in his higher voice)  
You filthy dirty slut!!!

TERRY  
Yes, yes, I'm a slut!!!

ROGER  
(in his own voice)  
Cynthia, shut up!  
(in his higher voice)  
You're nothing but a cheap  
sex-tramp!!!

TERRY  
Yes!!! Call me a dog, Roger! Call  
me a cheap slut sex dog!!!

ROGER  
(in his higher voice)  
You need a good spanking, you little  
bed-bunny!

Roger's right hand effeminately spans Terry.

ROGER  
No, Cynthia!



59. CONTINUED

TERRY

Yes, Roger. You wildman!

ROGER

(in his higher voice)

Stop talking like that!

The right hand spans her again.

TERRY

Oooh, spank me again, you bad boy!

ROGER

(holding back his right  
hand with his left)

Cynthia, stop it!

(in his higher voice)

I will not! This is abhorrent!

Despicable! You should both be  
ashamed of yourselves.

Enraged, Roger leaps up off Terry to argue with himself. ✓

TERRY

Roger ....?

ROGER

Cynthia, for God's sake, go away,  
will you!!!

(in his higher voice)

I own that body. What if you got it  
pregnant? You have no right!

(in his own voice)

No, you have no right!

(higher voice)

You have no class. You're rude,  
crude, and thoroughly unattractive! ✓

Terry has been watching all this, and now realizes that  
Roger is not kidding: Cynthia really is inside him.

TERRY

Oh my God, it is Cynthia!

Roger turns to address Cynthia in his mirror, and so does  
not see Terry hurriedly throw her coat on, grab her clothes  
and exit.

ROGER

(to the mirror)

Look, I'm sorry you had such a lousy  
life. I really am. But just because  
no one ever did this with you doesn't  
mean the rest of us have to go  
without.

59. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

(in the mirror)

As a matter of fact, I am quite proud of my virginity. It is something I have always treasured.

ROGER

Of course you did. Nobody else wanted it.

He turns around and realizes Terry has run off. Roger pulls a robe around him and runs after her.

60. INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ROGER

Terry? Wait ...

But she has just run out, closing the door behind her. We HEAR her footsteps racing down the hall. Roger turns wearily to the mirror by the door, his shoulders slumping from the fatigue of their battles.

ROGER

Lady, if Prakha Kaka doesn't show up tomorrow I'm going to get a lobotomy. Or a high colonic. Or something, but I'm gonna get rid of you!

CYNTHIA

Oh stop being such a martyr. As soon as I'm not dead any more, I'll pay you for your troubles.

ROGER

Pay me? Jesus. I just figured out why nobody showed up at your memorial service. You forgot to hire mourners.

CYNTHIA

You really are an insensitive louse, you know that? ✓

He storms away from her and gets halfway across the room when Cynthia's reflection calls at him from another mirror.

CYNTHIA

Just a second, Cobb! I'm talking to you! ✓

Roger stops and faces her in this new mirror.

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

For your information, there is a perfectly good reason nobody showed up at my memorial service.

ROGER

Yeah, what?

CYNTHIA

(breaking down and wailing)  
I don't have any friends.

Roger is stopped short by that and watches her sob.

CYNTHIA

I'm looking back at an entire lifetime and I don't have one friend.

This makes her cry even harder. Roger could kick himself for coming down so hard on her.

CYNTHIA

See, I have this problem. I was born rich and sick. So I had nannies, and tutors, and nurses, but ....

(sniffle sniffle)

Once, my parents hired a clown to entertain me, but he didn't like me, and when my parents weren't in the room, he'd just sit there.

ROGER

(honestly shocked)

What a terrible clown.

CYNTHIA

When Terry was a little girl, she'd come to my house to visit her father, and I'd have the nurses push my oxygen tent to the bedroom window so I could watch her and all her little friends ride my horses ... and swim in my pool ... and laugh ... and dance. And I swore I'd give every penny I had to be able to do all that ... to be free ... to be her.

(eyes lowered)

I'm sorry if I ruined your birthday.

Roger knows this is the first time she has really opened up to him, and he is touched. For several seconds he does not know what to say. When he speaks, it is tenderly.

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED

ROGER

And I'm sorry if I've made your being  
dead an unpleasant experience.

She puts her right hand up against the glass (from her  
side) as he puts his hand up against hers (from his side).

ROGER

You know, a "friend" is someone who  
shares things with you ... and who's  
close to you ... and who knows what  
you're thinking and feeling. So I  
guess ... technically ... I'm you're  
friend.

Cynthia is moved. She snuffles once or twice, her face  
softens, and she looks into Roger's eyes.

CYNTHIA

We sort of are friends, aren't we?

They look at each other in the mirror for a few seconds,  
and then simultaneously shake their heads no.

ROGER &amp; CYNTHIA

Nah.

CYNTHIA

Thanks for saying so, anyway.

ROGER

(nods and smiles)

Hey, it's past your bedtime. Why  
don't you get some shut-eye.

Roger sits at his desk, and takes out the material for the  
Schuyler case.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Aren't you going to bed?

ROGER

I've got to prepare for my case  
tomorrow.

(pats her hand)

You go to sleep.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Okay. Goodnight.

ROGER

Goodnight.

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED

All is silent for a little while, as Roger reads the depositions. (His hands are beneath the desk.)

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
What are you doing?

ROGER  
I'm scratching my balls. They itch.

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
Well scratch your own ball, and leave mine alone!

Roger puts his left hand on the desk and keeps reading. A few moments later he looks down to his lap.

ROGER  
What are you doing?

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
I'm scratching mine. It does feel good.

His left hand takes the right hand, places it on the desk and turns to look at her in the mirror. She grins impishly, then folds her arms and puts her head down to sleep. ✓

61. (DELETED)

62. INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Roger has fallen asleep at his desk, his head in his legal papers. We hear Cynthia YAWN in voice-over.

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
Uh, Mr. Cobb? Mr. Cobb?  
(he SNORES in v/o)  
Funeral time ... Yoo-hoo ...  
(slaps and pulls his face)  
Up-up-up, rise and shine, let's go!

Roger's eyes pop open and he bolts upright.

63. INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Wrapped in a robe, he groggily walks to the phone.

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
Did you get enough sleep last night?

(CONTINUED)

63. CONTINUED

ROGER

I got a full 7, 7½ minutes ... no  
problem.

He dials the phone.

## 64. INT. PRAKHA LASA'S HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Prakha is sitting in front of the TV set, completely absorbed in some old MOVIE and having no idea what the hell this strange thing is. On the screen, a MAN sits at his desk, hears the doorbell, gets up, and opens the door to reveal a beautiful WOMAN who throws herself in her arms and kisses him passionately as he carries her to the bed.

Just then, Prakha's phone RINGS. It sounds just like the doorbell on TV. His face lights up, like a child on Christmas eve who hears reindeer on the roof. He rushes to the door and opens it, to reveal no one at all. The phone rings again. He runs to the closet door and opens it. Again, no one. Another ring. The bathroom door. Ring. Bedroom door. Finally, the ringing stops and he sits back down in front of the TV with a sad little pout on his face.

## 65. INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Roger is falling asleep on his feet as he listens to Prakha's phone ringing over and over.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Roger?

He wakens with a start, hears there is still no answer, slams the phone down, turns to the open window and screams:

ROGER

Phone home, you sonofabitch!!!

## 66. INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Roger is on the floor, doing sit-ups. The pace is fast and energetic. ✓

ROGER

Okay, I'm awake, I'm awake. ✓

CYNTHIA (v/o)

You have no idea what it's like to be inside a healthier body than you've ever had before.

ROGER

I know. That's what I was trying to find out last night.

## 67. INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Roger starts to brush his teeth, conversing with Cynthia in the mirror (who watches).

(CONTINUED)

67. CONTINUED

(NOTE: Roger's conversation is made slightly foolish by his trying to talk and brush his teeth at the same time.)

CYNTHIA

I can't believe you're still upset about that.

ROGER

Of course you can't. Can we hurry this up, please?

He is exasperated at the slow, meticulous pace with which Cynthia brushes each tooth, up and down, so he grabs the toothbrush from her hand and brushes furiously fast.

ROGER

See, you don't really understand how life is to be lived. It's to be experienced, and savored.

He takes a swig of mouthwash and gargles.

CYNTHIA

I know that, you big jerk. Why do you think I've gone to all the trouble and expense to buy myself another chance?

ROGER

(spits out mouthwash)

Because you're operating under the mistaken assumption it'll make a difference.

He walks into the shower.

CYNTHIA (o.s.)

Oh come on. It will too make a difference. I'll have lots of friends, everyone will think I have a really great personality --

ROGER (o.s.)

And inside that gorgeous young body you'll still be the same old sourpuss. You'll wind up just as bitter and alone as you always have been.

(CONTINUED)



67. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA (o.s.)  
Oh, stop getting so excited.

ROGER (o.s.)  
I am not excited. I am simply making  
a point.

CYNTHIA (o.s.)  
You're excited and you're making a  
point.

ROGER (o.s.)  
Huh? Oh. Well stop soaping it,  
it'll go down.

68. INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Roger yawns before the mirror, his sleepy face lathered-up, 69  
ready to shave. Cynthia watches from the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

68. CONTINUED

ROGER

No. Watch me. Go like this.

He scrunches his mouth to one side, to smooth out the other cheek for shaving.

CYNTHIA

But that's so unattractive.

ROGER

(holding up the razor)

So's a deep scar. Just do it will you? We don't have time to argue.

She scrunches her side of the face and he starts shaving.  
(This slight facial contortion makes them talk funny.) ✓

CYNTHIA

What's the big hurry? My funeral isn't until 10:30.

ROGER

(shaving and yawning)

Because I have to be in court at 8:30!

CYNTHIA

How on earth can we get to a 10:30 funeral if you have to be in court?

ROGER

(losing his patience,  
but still shaving)

I'll figure that out at 10:29, okay?

CYNTHIA

You get so cranky when you haven't had enough sleep.

69. INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Mr. Schuyler sits at the defense table next to Roger, who tries very hard to stay awake, but Mr. Schuyler does not notice this. ✓

At the other table sits MRS. SCHUYLER and her attorney, MS. DAVIS.

(CONTINUED)

69. CONTINUED

MS. DAVIS

Further, Your Honor, we will demonstrate that Mr. Schuyler squandered community property by bestowing lavish gifts on his many girlfriends. In light of this, we will request damages in the amount of \$500,000.

As she continues, Mr. Schuyler groans. Roger confers with him in whispers.

ROGER

Why did you give them a half million dollars in gifts?

MR. SCHUYLER

I liked them.

ROGER

Ever hear of Hallmark Cards?

DISSOLVE TO:

70. INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Schuyler is on the stand, sweating profusely, as Ms. Davis places cancelled check after cancelled check before him.

MS. DAVIS

... and do you recognize your signature on this check?

MR. SCHUYLER

Yes.

MS. DAVIS

And on this?

MR. SCHUYLER

Yes.

MS. DAVIS

And this?

MR. SCHUYLER

(despondent)

Yes.

MS. DAVIS

No further questions.

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED

She returns to her seat, smiling confidently at Roger who remains seated. Because his head is propped up by a hand on his forehead, no one can see his eyes and it appears he is deep in thought. But as the camera moves in on him, we can see he has fallen asleep.

JUDGE

Counselor?

Roger's right eye opens and looks around in panic.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Roger?

No response. In the background, we hear his SNORING.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Roger??? Oh my God, you can't fall asleep on me now.

JUDGE

Counselor?

ROGER

(in his higher voice)

Just a second.

(v/o)

Roger, please wake up. I don't know what to do.

Still, all she hears in her head is snoring, and all eyes in the courtroom have turned to her. So, swallowing with difficulty, she (he) rises and practices a manly-sounding voice to herself. ✓

ROGER

(higher voice)

Your Honor --

(tries to lower her voice)

Your Hon--

(tries it even lower)

Your Honor ...

Satisfied that she has found a more manly-sounding voice, he/she clears her throat and sashays up to the bench (mindless of the fact that her gestures are more than a little effeminate). ✓

ROGER

(lower/higher voice)

Your Honor, as one man to another, I have so much to ask this witness that I move we adjourn for lunch. ✓

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED

JUDGE  
It's five after ten.

ROGER  
(lower/higher voice)  
How about brunch?

Some people in the courtroom CHUCKLE at that, and Cynthia/Roger gives them a giggly little shrug.

JUDGE  
Proceed with the witness.

Cynthia/Roger turns to Schuyler who stares back with iron in his eyes, and whispers under his breath:

MR. SCHUYLER  
Don't be nervous, it's just your career at stake ...

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
(whimpers)  
Roger, please ...

Still, there is no response from the sleeping Roger, so Roger/Cynthia draws a breath for courage and begins.

ROGER  
(higher voice)  
Mr. Schuy--  
(lower/higher voice)  
Mr. Schuyler ...  
(feigning a lawyerly cool)  
You didn't really give those women a half million dollars in gifts, now did you?

Mr. Schuyler cannot believe she asked that. There's no way he can deny it, so he uncomfortably answers.

MR. SCHUYLER  
Yes.

ROGER  
(lower/higher)  
Oh. Well. But ... you had a darn good reason to, didn't you?

For the life of him, Mr. Schuyler has no idea what she's getting at. Roger/Cynthia mouths "Say Yes!".

MR. SCHUYLER  
Uh ... yes.

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED

Roger/Cynthia turns to the Judge with a triumphant smile as if to say "There! I rest my case!". The Judge just looks confused.

JUDGE

Proceed.

ROGER

(lower/higher voice)

Proceed ....

(then)

Wait! Every Christmas you give me --  
I mean, you give Miss Cutwater,  
darling little gifts, don't you?

MR. SCHUYLER

Yeah, but --

ROGER

(lower/higher)

So it is your practice ...

(getting excited)

- in fact, it is standard practice  
among many professionals - to reward  
valued clients with gifts, is it not?

MR. SCHUYLER

Yeah.

(brightening)

Yeah, that's right.

MS. DAVIS

(rises from her seat)

Objection. The money in question  
came from the Schuyler's personal  
account, not from the law firm, and  
therefore cannot be construed as  
business gifts.

ROGER

(lower/higher voice)

Good point.

(v/o)

Oh Roger, please wake up!

JUDGE

Counselor?

Roger/Cynthia looks over to Mr. Schuyler who gestures for  
her to respond to the objection.

JUDGE

Mr. Cobb?

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED

Cynthia looks at her watch. It is 10:10. She has no choice. She takes her right foot and stamps it as hard as she can on the left foot. Roger's face awakens in agony.

ROGER

Huh? What?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I'm sorry. I did the best I could, but we only have a few minutes until the funeral, and --

JUDGE

Mr. Cobb, are you alright?

ROGER

Huh? Yeah, no problem.

JUDGE

How do you respond to the objection?

ROGER

Objection? Uh ... could you read it back please?

As the COURT REPORTER reads it back, Roger blinks the sleep out of his eyes, trying to make sense of what's going on. ✓

COURT REPORTER

The money in question came from the Schuyler's personal account, not from the law firm, and therefore cannot be construed as business gifts. ✓

ROGER (v/o)

"Business gifts"?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I'm sorry. I couldn't think of anything else to --

ROGER (v/o)

Cynthia, you're brilliant!

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I am?

ROGER

Your Honor, Mrs. Schuyler's sole source of support was Mr. Schuyler, whose sole source of income was the law firm - not a fixed salary, but a draw based on net profits.

(CONTINUED)

## 70. CONTINUED

Roger senses he is on to something good here, and starts really picking up speed, now.

ROGER

So the better the law firm's business was the more money Mr. Schuyler could take home to Mrs. Schuyler. Therefore, since business gifts are intended to increase business, the more generous Mr. Schuyler was with his gift-giving, the better he was able to support Mrs. Schuyler in the manner to which she had become accustomed.

Mr. Schuyler looks almost lovingly at Roger. The Judge's mouth is open as he tries to sort that all out.

JUDGE

Give me a minute ...

ROGER (v/o)

Oh, Cynthia, I could kiss you. We're gonna win it, I'm gonna get my partnership, and we're gonna make that funeral. How'd you ever think of "business gifts"?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Must be all those years lying in bed watching Perry Mason. ✓

ROGER (v/o)

Of course, none of those women were clients, but I won't tell anyone if you won't.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

What?

JUDGE

(bangs gavel)

I'm going to overrule the objection.

ROGER

Thank you Your Honor.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Wait a second. If they're not his clients, then this isn't fair.

(CONTINUED)



70. CONTINUED

ROGER

Your Honor, I move we dismiss claim  
for damages on the grounds that --  
(suddenly in his higher voice)  
-- those women were not even his--  
(normal voice)  
Shut up!

The courtroom falls instantly silent. Roger clamps his mouth shut as tightly as possible.

JUDGE

What did you just say?

ROGER

(muffled, through his  
tightly clenched mouth)  
Nothing.

JUDGE

Just tell me what you said.

ROGER

(muffled)  
I didn't say anything.

JUDGE

(to the court reporter)  
Read it back, please.

COURT REPORTER

Your Honor, I move we dismiss claim  
for damages on the grounds that --  
(suddenly in a higher voice)  
-- those women were not even his--  
(normal voice)  
Shut up!

The Judge looks questioningly at Roger, who tries to smile innocently in return.

JUDGE

They weren't his what?

ROGER

(muffled)  
Nothing.

JUDGE

What? Speak up.

Roger has to take a chance and speak with his mouth open.

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED

                    ROGER  
Nothing, Your Ho--  
                    (suddenly higher)  
-- they're not his clien--  
                    (clamps mouth shut)  
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.~~

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED

JUDGE

(to the court reporter)  
What the hell is he saying?

COURT REPORTER

(reading it back)  
Nothing, Your Ho--  
(higher)  
-- they're not his clien--  
(clamps mouth shut)  
[REDACTED]

JUDGE

Mr. Schuyler, were any of these women "clients" of yours?

Schuyler shoots Roger a murderous glare before answering.

MR. SCHUYLER

No.

(to Roger)  
You're dead meat, buddy.

Roger rushes over to Mr. Schuyler.

ROGER

It's not me. It's Cynthia! Cynthia  
Cutwater! Her soul's inside me!

(higher voice)  
That's right, blame it on me!

(normal voice)  
Well it is your fault! I had this  
case won!

(higher voice)  
No, I had this case won, but it would  
have been wrong!

**JUDGE**

What the hell's going on here?

ROGER

(higher voice)  
It wasn't fair and I will not be  
a party to unfairness.

(normal voice)  
We're in a court of law. Fairness  
has nothing to do with it!

**JUDGE**

(bangs his gavel)  
That's gonna cost you \$500, contempt  
of court.

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED

ROGER  
(higher voice)  
Good for you, Judge!

JUDGE  
(bangs gavel)  
\$1000.

ROGER  
Will you shut up!

JUDGE  
(bangs gavel)  
No, you shut up. \$1500.

ROGER  
Not you, her! I've got someone  
inside me.

JUDGE  
Then both of you shut up!

ROGER  
(higher voice)  
Don't tell me to shut up. I  
contributed to your campaign! ✓

JUDGE  
\$2000! And Bailiff, throw this  
jackass out of my court!!! ✓  
(leveling a finger at Roger)  
I'm calling the State Bar right now.  
You're a lunatic!

MR. MIFFLIN  
(rising from his seat)  
He's not just a lunatic. He's a  
pervert, too. He plays with himself  
in the men's room!

Poor Roger cannot respond to that, as he is being carried  
out of the courtroom by the giant BAILIFF.

PEGGY  
(rises from her seat)  
And he cheated on me, Daddy. He had  
sex with a dead body in your offices!

The bailiff throws Roger out into the hallway.

71. INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Roger lies in a heap on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

## 71. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I see now what you mean about "life is to be savored". It's so dramatic.

ROGER

I'm going to kill you.

He picks himself up and hurries off down the corridor.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I was just trying to help.

ROGER

Well you failed! Ever since you got inside me I've been humiliated, fired and beaten up. I've lost my girlfriend, I've lost my job, and I've alienated my dog. Stop helping me!

## 72. INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Terry hurries through the lobby and into an elevator.

## 73. INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Roger races snarling into a PHONE BOOTH. As he flips furiously through the phone book, we see Cynthia's reflection in the glass. ✓

CYNTHIA

You are so ungrateful. If it weren't for me you would get that partnership, and then you'd have to take cases like that, and kiss your father's high ideals goodbye. You'd also be married to Peggy. You call that "savoring life"?

ROGER

(putting a dime in the phone)

Look who's talking.

CYNTHIA

I spent my life in a sickbed. What's your excuse?

Roger was just about to dial, but is stopped short by that. He has no good answer, so he gives her an "Oh yeah?" look.

ROGER

That's just like a dead person to say something like that.

## 74. INT. PRAKHA LASA'S HOTEL ROOM - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Prakha is eating the FRUIT from the hotel's complimentary baskets, humming some weird Himalayan chant in a charming falsetto. Then the PHONE RINGS. The humming stops. He looks at the TV, and then walks past the ringing phone to the door. ✓

When he opens the door he is stunned to see Terry - dressed in black for the funeral - just about to knock. He is delighted to see her.

TERRY

Oh, Prakha, I'm so glad I found you.  
You come with me now, alright?

PRAKHA

Alright? ✓

The phone has not stopped ringing, and Prakha just now realizes the sound is coming not from the door, but from the strange black instrument next to the door. He reaches for it, but Terry stops him.

TERRY

We don't have time for that. We must  
leave right now or we'll be late.

PRAKHA

We'll be late. ✓

He grabs his bundle and she leads him out.

## 75. INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Very troubled, Roger listens to the phone ring over and over.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

We're just wasting time here. Let's  
get to the cemetery.

ROGER (v/o)

(hanging up)

He'd better be there, lady.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Maybe Terry picked him up.

(CONTINUED)

75. CONTINUED

ROGER (v/o)  
He'd just better be there.

They leave the building.

76. EXT. PRAKHA LASA'S HOTEL - DAY

Terry, holding Prakha's hand, helps him into the back of a CAB. But, instead of getting in too, she addresses the CABBIE.

TERRY  
How much to the airport?

CABBIE  
Thirty bucks.

PRAKHA  
Thirty bucks. ✓

TERRY  
(peeling off the bills)  
Make it a hundred.  
(handing him an  
airline ticket)  
Pakistani Airlines. See that he gets  
on the plane.

CABBIE  
(reading the ticket)  
Jesus, lady, this plane don't leave  
'til midnight.  
(Terry hands him  
another \$100 bill)  
No problem.

PRAKHA  
No problem. ✓

Terry watches the cab drive off, and breathes a sigh of great relief.

77. EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The hearse is not yet at the gravesite, but all is ready. The grave is dug, the awning is up to provide shade, and a hundred folding chairs are neatly in place. But only Roger and Terry are present. They sit in chairs about 20 yards away from each other, Terry eyeing Roger warily through her mourner's veil, but neither one wants to be the first to speak. Finally, Roger calls to her.

(CONTINUED)

77. CONTINUED

ROGER

Hi.

(she nods hello)

I'm sorry about last night.

TERRY

It's alright. Have you seen Prakha?

(CONTINUED)



77. CONTINUED

ROGER

I was hoping you have.

TERRY

(shakes head no)

I stopped by the hotel this morning,  
but he wasn't there.

ROGER

I'm ruined.

Just then, they hear what sounds like music in the distance, and they turn to see where it is coming from. Down the road, the HEARSE drives slowly toward them. And walking behind it, is a large, New Orleans-style FUNERAL BAND, led by Tyrone and Bix, wailing a terrific DIRGE.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

What the hell is that?

ROGER

Oh God, I forgot all about that. I invited them.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

What?

ROGER

Last night, while you were asleep. I wanted to surprise you ... I thought it'd make your funeral more fun for you.

(pause)

Cynthia?

(no response)

Cynthia?

He walks over to Terry.

ROGER

Have you got a little mirror? A compact or something?

She hands him a compact from her purse. He takes it back to his seat, opens it and sees Cynthia completely dissolved in tears. He quickly closes it, as he doesn't want to see her crying like that.

ROGER

Okay, come on. Don't make a big deal out of it. I only did it 'cause I thought I liked you. I've gotten over that.

(CONTINUED)

77. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
(sniffles)  
Okay ... I'm sorry ...

ROGER  
Okay.

Again he opens the compact, and as soon as he does, she bursts into tears.

CYNTHIA  
That's the nicest thing anybody's  
ever done for me ...

ROGER  
Oh don't say that ...

CYNTHIA  
(still crying)  
Well it is. You're a very nice man,  
Roger, and even though I know you  
hate my guts, you're still the best  
friend I've ever had.

Now Roger starts to cry. So his right hand takes a handkerchief out of his jacket pocket and passes it to his left hand.

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
Here. Blow.

ROGER  
Thank you.

He blows his nose.

DISSOLVE TO:

78. EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The funeral is over. The musicians are shaking their heads and muttering things like "Oh, Cynthia, didn't she ramble!" as if she had been one of their own. Roger steps up to Ty. ✓

ROGER  
Ty. Thanks man.  
(higher voice)  
Yes. Thank you very much for a  
beautiful sendoff.

(CONTINUED)

78. CONTINUED

TYRONE

Oh, m'am, it wasn't nothing. Me and the boys was proud to do it for you.  
(to the others)  
Hey fellas, come on over here. Say hello to the deceased.

They all come over. Ty lowers his voice speaks confidentially to them.

TYRONE

See, Cynthia ain't really dead. Her body dead, but her soul be living inside my man Roger, here.

MUSICIAN

(looking skeptically at Roger)  
That right? ✓

ROGER

(higher voice)  
It's absolutely true.

MUSICIAN

(big, honest smile)  
Alright, Cynthia! ✓

And just like that, all the musicians look pleased as punch, and start pumping both of Roger's hands, saying things like "Righteous!" and "Sister Cynthia's alive! Right on!" ✓

This goes on for a few seconds until Roger notices Terry walking off toward the cars. He pulls himself free and hurries over to her as the band strikes up a joyous "DIDN'T SHE RAMBLE" and marches out of the cemetery. ✓

ROGER

Terry.

TERRY

I have this terrible feeling we'll never see Prakha Lasa again.

ROGER

That's why we've gotta go find him. Let's check the hotel, then --

TERRY

I told you. He's not there.

(CONTINUED)

78. CONTINUED

ROGER

Then let's call the police, and file a missing persons report. Maybe he's trying to get home; let's check the airport --

TERRY

Maybe you're right about the hotel. Let's try there first.

They set out together.

79. (DELETED) ✓

80. INT. PRAKHA'S HOTEL LIVING ROOM - DAY ✓

Roger and Terry are let in by a BELLMAN, who is given a \$5 bill by Roger, and exits. Roger and Terry look around the room, but of course, there is no sign of Prakha.

ROGER

(sighs)

I don't know what to do. I'm too tired to think.

(higher voice)

I vote we go out to look for him.

TERRY ✓

Miss Cutwater, he'll have to come back sooner or later. And the two of you look really exhausted. I'll tell you what: why don't you both take a little nap, and if he's not back by ... say, midnight ... then we'll call the police and go look for him. Okay?

ROGER

You're on.

DISSOLVE TO:

81. INT. PRAKHA'S HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT ✓

Roger stirs from his sleep. Across the room Terry sits watching. Roger yawns and stretches.

ROGER

Any sign?

Terry checks the clock. It's 11:15.

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED

TERRY

Just give it a little more time.

ROGER

I don't know. Cynthia, what do you think? Cynthia?

(no answer)

She's out cold. Hey, let's get out of here. Let's go look for him.

(Terry shuts off the lamp)

What are you doing?

TERRY

We may not have another chance, you know.

ROGER

Oh. But ...

TERRY

(pulling him onto the bed)

While she's asleep. Please. I want to feel your naked skin next to mine. I want to feel our bodies merge ...

ROGER

(gulp)

Well, I suppose there's no harm in a little merging ...

She is kissing him and pulling off his pants, and has them just down to his knees when he is startled to hear words in his head. ✓

CYNTHIA (v/o)

And just what do you think you're doing?

ROGER (v/o)

Oh God, I thought you were asleep.

TERRY

Roger?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Why aren't you looking for Prakha?

ROGER (v/o)

We were going to. We're just ... taking a little breather, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Well put your little breather back in  
your pants and find him!

TERRY

Roger, what's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED

ROGER

What?

TERRY

Don't I excite you?

ROGER

What? Oh, no. Cynthia, what are you doing?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I am thinking of old nuns.

ROGER

Cynthia, please don't do this to me.

TERRY

Oh, Roger, you don't find me attractive, do you.

ROGER

It's not me, it's her! Oh God, now she's thinking of dead kittens. Cynthia, that's not fair!

(to Terry)

Would you excuse us?

He picks up a reflective ash-tray from the nighttable and holds it up to his face to confront Cynthia's distorted reflection. ✓

ROGER

I want a word with you.

With his pants down around his ankles, he storms into the dressing room and closes the door behind him.

82. INT. PRAKHA'S HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

He squares off against her reflection in one of the mirrors. He folds his arms to look resolute. She simultaneously folds hers, and looks twice as firm.

ROGER

What happened to "Oh Roger, you're my best friend"?

CYNTHIA

I will not take part in performing a sexual act on Terry! ✓

ROGER

Okay. Okay. How about if she performs one on us?

82. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

No.

ROGER

Please!

CYNTHIA

What's so goddamned important about sex?

ROGER

What's so --? Are you kidding?  
That's like asking what's so  
important about laughing ... or Duke  
Ellington ... or the World Series.  
It's one of those things that makes  
you feel like you're really living,  
like you're glad you're alive.

CYNTHIA

I'm already glad I'm alive! I don't  
have to play "tonsil hockey" to feel  
good. I feel wonderful. I feel ...  
tingly.

ROGER

I know, those are my tingles you're  
feeling.

CYNTHIA

What do you mean?

ROGER

It's called sexual tension.

CYNTHIA

It is?

ROGER

Yes. And if you think this feels  
good, wait 'til you feel what hot,  
passionate boffing is like.

CYNTHIA

(kind of interested)

Bigger tingles?

ROGER

Major tingles.

(CONTINUED)



82. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA ✓

(thinks for a second)

Will she still respect us in the morning?

ROGER ✓

She don't respect us now!

Cynthia thinks about that for a second or two, and then grins impishly. ✓

CYNTHIA ✓

Let's boff her.

83. INT. PRAKHA'S HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roger emerges smiling and steps up to Terry. Their eyes lock. Wordlessly, she starts to undress. Once or twice, she sneaks a peak at the clock - it is almost 11:30 - but Roger doesn't notice this, as she is performing a fabulous striptease.

CYNTHIA (v/o) ✓

This is sort of embarrassing.

(CONTINUED)

83. CONTINUED

ROGER (v/o)

For who?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

For me. After I get her body, you'll  
know what I look like naked.

ROGER (v/o)

Don't worry. I'll never associate  
you with that body.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Thank you.

ROGER (v/o)

You're welcome. Now shut up.

Finally, Terry is naked before him. Roger gulps.

TERRY

Come to me, my darling.

Roger goes to her, and she starts to help him off with the  
rest of his clothes.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Can I help? What should I do?

ROGER (v/o)

Fantasize.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Good idea.

Terry is now taking off Roger's shirt.

TERRY

Oh, Roger ...

ROGER

Mmmmm, oh Terry ...

(in his higher voice)

Oh Clark! Yes, Clark!

(in his normal voice)

Wait a second. Wait.

83A. INT. PRAKHA'S HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Once again, Roger confronts Cynthia in the mirror.

ROGER

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

83A. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

I'm fantasizing.

ROGER

I know you are. My head is filled with pictures of Clark Gable taking his shirt off.

CYNTHIA

Pretty hot, huh?

ROGER

Actually, it's sort of cooling me off, if you know what I mean.

CYNTHIA

You're kidding. It's making me crazy!

ROGER

That's great. Now just throw a couple of women on him and we're in business, okay?

CYNTHIA

Okay.

83B. INT. PRAKHA'S HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roger enters and goes back to embracing and disrobing with Terry.

TERRY

Is it alright now?

ROGER

Sort of. She's got the whole cast of "Gone With The Wind" humping in my head.

Roger - full of passion and breathing hard - gets under the sheets with Terry, who takes another look at the clock and starts moaning in anticipatory ecstasy.

(CONTINUED)

83B. CONTINUED

TERRY  
Oh, Roger ...

ROGER  
Oh, Terry ...

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
Oh, Clark, Vivian and Olivia ...

Terry is really writhing now, and in between moans, takes Roger's face in her hands and whispers sultrily:

TERRY  
Now, Roger .... Now.

ROGER  
At long last.

He rolls into position atop her, but before he can do anything, he hears a key turning in the door, and turns to see a completely bedraggled Prakha walk through the door.

ROGER  
Oh God, not now.

TERRY  
Oh no!

ROGER  
(in his higher voice)  
Sonofabitch!

PRAKHA  
Sonofabitch. ✓

Terry grabs her clothes and runs for the privacy of the bathroom. Silently cursing his rotten luck, Roger shakes his head sorrowfully.

ROGER  
I can't believe it.

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
So that's what sex is like?

ROGER (v/o)  
Actually, a lot of the time, yes.  
(aloud, to Prakha)  
So. Where the hell have you been?  
(Prakha holds up his  
airline ticket)  
The airport? What were you doing  
there?

Prakha just shrugs an "I don't know".

(CONTINUED)

83B. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
 We'd better get on with this  
 transmigration ... Prakha's starting  
 to look good to me.

Roger nods and starts putting his clothes on.

ROGER  
 (in his higher voice)  
 Prakha, it is now time for my soul to  
 enter Miss Boyd.

PRAKHA  
 Enter Miss Boyd. ✓

But then, Prakha's eyes widen. He has recognized Cynthia's ✓  
 voice, and is stunned to realize she is inside Roger. He  
 points questioningly. Roger nods. Prakha slaps a hand on  
 top of his own head as if to say "Oh my God!"

Then he goes into his bundle, where we see several of the ✓  
 ceremonial brass bowls. He tests each by pinging them with  
 his fingertips until he finds one with just the right tone,  
 and brings that one out as Terry emerges from the bathroom.  
 Roger steps up before her, looks into her eyes, and tries  
 to find words to express his deepest emotions.

•ROGER  
 I guess it just wasn't meant to be  
 between us. I'll always regret that,  
 but I hope that wherever it is you're  
 going, you'll be very happy.

TERRY  
 Oh, I will. I've got a wonderful  
 mansion, beautiful horses, and all  
 the money in the world. Why  
 shouldn't I be happy?

She sits on the edge of the bed to put her shoes on, and  
 Roger just stands there trying to figure out what she  
 meant.

ROGER  
 What?

TERRY  
 If you think I'm going through with  
 this, you're not just stupid, you're  
 crazy!

She exits into the suite's living room. ✓

(CONTINUED)

83B. CONTINUED

                    ROGER  
                    (in his higher voice)  
What?  
                    (as Roger)  
Let me handle this.  
                    (running after Terry)  
What?

(CONTINUED)

33C. INT. PRAKHA'S HOTEL LIVING ROOM - DAY

Terry is gathering her coat and purse to leave.

TERRY

When I first heard about this deal, I figured if the old bird wants to give her money away, she may as well give it to me. But I never thought Mandrake here could really pull it off.

ROGER

(grabbing her arm)

Wait a second. You can't just leave her in me!

TERRY

(shaking free)

I'd really love to stay and chat, "darling", but you've served your purpose and I've got to get to my mansion if I'm going to be ready for my weekend guests. Ciao.

Roger is open-mouthed in shock. Terry stops at the door.

TERRY

By the way, don't bother coming. The guards will have orders to keep you out at all costs. Goodbye Roger. Goodbye Cynthia.

(to Prakha)

So long, Rabbi.

Exit Terry. Roger slumps into a chair. In the mirror beside the chair, we see Cynthia, similarly slumped. Roger looks at her reflection, hatred in his eyes.

CYNTHIA

Please. Don't say it. Dear God, I just wanted a second chance, a fair shake. Instead, I've made a complete mess of your life and I've left all my money to a lying cheap slut sex dog!

ROGER

Cynthia!

CYNTHIA

Prakha, I want you to let my soul go free. Give Roger his freedom.

(CONTINUED)

83C. CONTINUED

ROGER

No. She double-crossed us. We can fight this.

CYNTHIA

Maybe he can put my soul into an eagle or some wonderful bird, so I can fly free with the wind ... hover over my house ... and shit on her head.

✓

ROGER

Will you stop talking like that!

CYNTHIA

I can't help it. I'm hot!

ROGER

I became a lawyer because I wanted to fight injustice. I wanted to help the little guy against the big guy. Instead I wound up representing ungrateful rich people like you. But now ... don't you see? You don't have a penny. You're a pauper ...  
(he reaches for the phone)  
... bilked out of what is rightfully yours by Miss Terry Boyd, who is today one of the wealthiest women in California. I've waited ten years for something like this, and you want to be a bird??? Forget it!!!

He is about to dial when he notices that Cynthia is crying.

ROGER

Hey hey! Don't get soft on me now.

CYNTHIA

It's not that. It's ... it's just that offering you your freedom was the first unselfish thing I've ever done.

She sobs some more, but wears a proud smile. Roger, too, smiles as he dials the phone.

ROGER

How's it feel?

CYNTHIA

Wonderful. Especially since you talked me out of it.

(CONTINUED)



83C. CONTINUED

ROGER  
(to the phone)  
Hello, Fulton Norris please ...

84. EXT. CUTWATER MANSION - DAY

Party preparations are in full gear. CATERERS carry trays and buckets from trucks ...

84A. EXT. BALCONY - DAY

WORKMEN string lights across the ballroom balcony ...

84B. INT. MANSION - DAY

BUTLERS supervise tables, cutlery, etc.

84C. EXT. MANSION - DAY

Terry rides by the house on her horse, directing a GARDNER to prune some bushes, and looking very much the Lady of the Mansion.

85. EXT. STABLES - DAY

Terry rides into the courtyard of the stables where her father curries another horse.

TERRY  
Oh Daddy, come ride.

FRED  
(sullenly)  
Got work to do.

She can see he is angry with her.

TERRY  
I did this for us, you know. For all the times we couldn't be together.

FRED  
It's still not right.

TERRY  
You won't have to live over stables anymore. You'll live in the house, with me.

FRED  
I still don't approve.

(CONTINUED)

85. CONTINUED

TERRY  
Cable TV. Adult movies.

FRED  
(that gets his attention)  
I'll think about it.

She leans over, kisses him, and rides off.

86. EXT. MANSION FRONT GATE - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD opens the gate to allow the BUS to drive onto the grounds. A SIGN on the side of the bus reads "Fulton Norris Orchestra".

87. (DELETED)

88. EXT. MANSION DRIVE-UP - DAY

The bus stops and the dinner-jacketed MUSICIANS start carrying their instruments into the mansion. Roger gets off, wearing sunglasses to avoid recognition. Then Tyrone gets off, with Bix as his seeing-eye dog. Then out steps Prakha, also wearing a tuxedo and sunglasses.

Some of the other musicians - a fairly straight and dignified bunch - exchange a few questioning glances, but none makes an issue of it.

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
It feels very strange to be back here  
this way.

ROGER (v/o)  
(as he walks Prakha by  
the hand to the house)  
This isn't exactly normal for me,  
either.

TYRONE  
Exactly how you plan on pulling this  
off?

ROGER  
Beats the heck outa me.

(CONTINUED)

88. CONTINUED

TYRONE

Well, if I can be of any help at all  
... then you're in worse trouble than  
I thought.

ROGER

Right.

PRAKHA

Right.

89. EXT. BALCONY - DAY

The orchestra is rehearsing. Roger plays the guitar,  
fingering complicated chords with his left hand, and  
watching with concern as his right hand makes simple  
strums.

ROGER (v/o)

Strum ... strum ... strum ...

CYNTHIA (v/o)

This is fun.

ROGER (v/o)

I'm glad you like it. Now don't get  
nervous, but my solo is coming up in  
eight bars. Keep strumming.

(Without his telling her to strum on each beat, she quickly  
starts to lose the tempo, and what should be simple rhythm  
chording is getting off the beat.)

CYNTHIA (v/o)

What do you mean "your" solo?

ROGER (v/o)

I mean I need both hands for this.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Oh God.

ROGER (v/o)

Can you give me control of the hand?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

I don't know.

ROGER (v/o)

(glancing nervously at the  
orchestra leader)

Try. Concentrate.

(CONTINUED)

89. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
(straining)  
Alright ... yes, I think ...

ROGER (v/o)  
Three bars, hurry up, damnit.

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
Wait, I think ... yes, yes ...

Roger gets his cue and starts playing. His left hand keeps working fine, but his right hand picks the strings like a spastic monkey. Horrible music results, and it takes Roger a few seconds to stop. By then, everyone has stopped. FULTON NORRIS, the orchestra leader, looks sick.

NORRIS  
This is a joke, right?

TYRONE  
You didn't like that?

Norris slowly turns to Roger and just glares. Roger smiles weakly.

NORRIS  
Let's take a break, fellas.

The musicians start to disperse, but Norris still stands there glaring at Roger. Just then, Roger hears the NEIGHING of a horse, and looks over the balcony. ✓

90. POV - EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - DAY

He sees Terry racing her horse across the grounds.

91. EXT. BALCONY - DAY ✓

Roger knows the time is now. He smiles nervously at Norris.

ROGER  
I'll be okay. Honest.

Norris nods sourly and walks away, but before he leaves, he sees Roger grab Prakha, check to see that Prakha still has his french horn case, and pull him out toward the stables.

NORRIS  
This guy's a real freak.

## 92. EXT. STABLES - DAY

Fred closes a paddock door, puts on his hat, and walks away from the stables, as we see Roger and Prakha hiding in the shadows, peeking out at the courtyard. A little while later we HEAR the sound of approaching hooves. ✓

ROGER

Okay ...

He nods to Prakha who starts quietly tapping on the bowl, which they both hold, and chanting OM.

ROGER (v/o)

Good luck, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

Thank you, Roger. Thank you for everything.

The bowl begins to reverberate.

ROGER (v/o)

I feel weird.

CYNTHIA (v/o)

(her voice is strange)

Make sure Terry grabs the bowl while you're still ... ohhh --

The bowl stops reverberating, and we hear the deep metallic CLUNK that signifies Cynthia's soul has entered the bowl.

ROGER

Cynthia?

He hears no response from inside his head. By now, Terry has ridden into the courtyard, dismounts from her horse and leads him toward where Roger and Prakha are hiding.

Roger looks into the bowl and at Prakha. Prakha nods.

Terry is almost up to them.

Roger nods at Prakha. They leap out, grab Terry and try to force the bowl into her hands.

TERRY

What the -- ??

ROGER AND PRAKHA LASA

OMMMM ...

TERRY

NO!!!!

(CONTINUED)

## 92. CONTINUED

Her scream startles her horse, who rears and kicks. In SLOW MOTION we see the bowl soar in a perfect arc out of Roger and Prakha's hands and right into a water bucket.

Roger and Prakha stare with sickened expressions at the bucket. For a moment, so does Terry. Then she recovers, and points a threatening finger at Roger.

TERRY

You just made a big mistake, buster.

(runs out yelling)

Guards! Guards!

Prakha pulls the bowl out of the bucket and watches the water with a sickened expression. ✓

ROGER

Cynthia?

Prakha nods. The horse goes to sip from the water. ✓

ROGER

No! Get away!

He shoves the horse aside and gently pulls the bowl out. He turns to Prakha and points to the water.

ROGER

Cynthia in water?

Prakha nods yes. Again the horse tries to drink from it.

ROGER

(angrily shoving the horse)

What are you, deaf???

Roger turns to Prakha and points from the water to the bowl.

ROGER

You get Cynthia back in bowl?

PRAKHA

Back in bowl? ✓

Prakha takes the bowl, and taps it. Instead of its usual deep tone, it makes a weak PING. Prakha points to a dent in the side and shakes his head no.

ROGER

Oh God. You fix?

(he pantomimes it)

You fix bowl? So we put Cynthia back?

## 92. CONTINUED

Prakha shrugs. Roger points to the upstairs window of the loft. ✓

ROGER  
You stay. Hide. Fix bowl. ✓

PRAKHA  
Fix bowl. ✓

Prakha nods, we see him run off toward the stairs to the loft, and Roger turns back to the bucket. ✓

ROGER  
Cynthia? Cynthia, if you can hear me  
... blow some bubbles or something.  
(straightens up and  
says to himself)  
I'm talking to a bucket.

He looks out the gate and sees Terry and two of her SECURITY GUARDS storming his way. So he grabs the bucket and slips out the back.

## 93. EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - DAY

Roger runs with the bucket across the grounds, trying hard not to slosh the water onto the grass. But it's not easy; he can't run very fast, and the guards are gaining on him.

TERRY  
(yelling to the guards)  
Get the bucket! Get the bucket!

Roger gets to the house, and ducks inside the kitchen.

## 94. INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roger runs in, carrying his bucket, and spots a large water pitcher sitting empty on the sideboard. He pours the water from the bucket into it, and places the bucket on the sideboard right next to a COOK.

ROGER  
Don't touch this!

Just then, he sees his own reflection in a mirror over the sink and it scares the hell out of him.

ROGER  
Aaaa!

He recovers quickly, takes the water pitcher and runs it into the main part of the house.

95. EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Most of the band members are grouped casually on the bandstand, Tyrone among them. Roger races up to Tyrone and places the water pitcher at his feet. ✓

ROGER

Take very good care of this.

And he races back toward the kitchen. ✓



## 96. INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roger runs back into the kitchen and hurriedly fills the bucket with water. Then he goes to one door, attracts the guards' attention ...

ROGER

He's in the kitchen!

... and runs out another door.

## 97. EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Roger runs through workers preparing for the party and gets trapped between the two guards. He fakes a terrific stumble, causing the bucket of (meaningless) water to fall from his grasp and spill out on the grounds below.

Roger sees this has been witnessed by Terry who stands nearby. He feigns defeat.

ROGER

Oh damn!

But the shock is his when he sees her hold up the water pitcher he had left with Tyrone - the one that really had Cynthia in it.

ROGER

No.

And quite ceremoniously, she spills it out into the flower bed.

ROGER

No!!!

When all the water is gone - forever irretrievable - the guards call to Terry.

GUARD

You want we should throw him out?

She just shakes her head no.

TERRY

He's harmless now.

Terry smiles and walks away, feeling quite proud of herself. Roger stares down at the muddy flowerbed, feeling totally forlorn.

ROGER

Cynthia ...?

97. CONTINUED

He bends down and touches the muddy ground. He wants to speak, but does not know what to say.

98. EXT. BALCONY - LATER THAT EVENING

This elegant ball is well underway, now. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE in their finery dance to the orchestra ... formal servants carry around trays of champagne and hors d'oeuvres.

We see Terry playing the charming hostess, greeting the lions of industry and society. We see Mr. Schuyler and Gretchen dancing, and Peggy cuts in to dance with her father. Everyone is having a simply splendid time hobnobbing with other bluebloods.

98A. (DELETED)

98AA. EXT. REFLECTING POND - NIGHT

Outside the mansion, by the gazebo, is a reflecting pond in which Roger looks forlornly at his own reflection. In the background, the orchestra plays "All Of Me". He half-sings/half-talks the lyrics.

ROGER

"... Take my lips,  
I want to lose them.  
Take my arms,  
I'll never ..."

The music continues, but he can't.

98B. DELETED

98C. INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Terry with Mr. Mifflin.

TERRY

God rest her wonderful soul, I'll  
never forget her.

(CONTINUED)

98C. CONTINUED

MR. MIFFLIN

Just remember how comforting it will  
be to look around this magnificent  
home and always see a little bit of  
Cynthia in everything.

TERRY

Especially the flowerbed.

MR. MIFFLIN

Yes ...

98D. DELETED

98E. EXT. BALCONY -- NIGHT

And on the edge of the bandstand we see a dispirited Roger,  
glumly sitting next to Tyrone, with Bix at their feet.

TYRONE

I'm sorry, man, but I did not see her  
grab the pitcher, you know what I'm  
saying?

ROGER

I know. It's not your fault. I just  
feel so ... empty.

Roger starts playing a mean blues, full of flatted thirds  
and dissonances, quite out of keeping with the staid number  
the orchestra is playing. Tyrone gives him verbal  
encouragement in this bluesy improvising, and together they  
draw weird looks from the other musicians and the guests.

(CONTINUED)

98E. CONTINUED

But Roger has gotten into his playing, and the music accomplishes its purpose: for a few moments it takes his mind off his troubles. He finishes his solo, and for the first time all day, Roger looks at peace with himself.

TYRONE

Nicely done, Jack.

ROGER

Thanks. I needed that.

TYRONE

I ain't heard you play emotions like that in a long time.

ROGER

This is going to sound crazy, but ...  
I actually miss the old girl.

TYRONE

(in a higher voice)

Who are you calling an "old girl"?

ROGER

That's not funny, Ty.

TYRONE

(in a higher voice)

I'm not trying to be funny, you peasant!

Tyrone blindly slaps at him. Roger is absolutely dumfounded.

(CONTINUED)

98E. CONTINUED

                    ROGER  
Cynthia???

                    TYRONE  
                    (in a higher voice)  
No, it's Pearl Bailey. Who the hell  
do you think it is?

                    ROGER  
Cynthia!!!

He kisses Ty's cheek with great enthusiasm.

                    TYRONE  
                    (normal voice)  
That's my side, stupid.  
                    (higher voice)  
I'm over here!

Roger is so thrilled, he pinches Ty's other cheek like he just won the lottery. (He does not notice Fulton Norris, Mr. Miffilin, and Peggy reacting to all this from the dance floor.)

                    ROGER  
Oooh, you .... What are you doing in  
Tyrone?

                    TYRONE  
                    (in a higher voice)  
How do I know? I can't see a thing  
in here!  
                    (in his normal voice)  
When you put that pitcher down here,  
you said "take care of it". I  
figured it was gin. I drank some.

                    ROGER  
She's been inside you all this time?  
Why didn't you say something?

                    TYRONE  
                    (higher voice)  
I wanted to see if you missed me.

                    ROGER  
Why you little vixen .... Come on.

Roger takes him by the hand and leads Ty and Bix away.

99. INT. STABLES - NIGHT

Roger and Tyrone climb up into the loft. ✓

99A. INT. STABLES LOFT - NIGHT ✓

They find Prakha still at work on his bowl.

ROGER

(to Prakha)

You're never going to believe this.

(to Tyrone)

Say something.

TYRONE

(in his own voice)

Uh, testing, one two --

ROGER

Not you, Clyde.

(CONTINUED)

99A. CONTINUED

TYRONE

(in his Cynthia voice)  
Your Holiness, it's me. Cynthia  
Cutwater.

Prakha is amazed. Then he starts to laugh. So does Roger.  
This really is pretty funny.

TYRONE

(in his Cynthia voice)  
I fail to see the humor in the  
situation.

But Roger is laughing with Prakha.

ROGER

He drank her.

PRAKHA

He drank her. ✓

Prakha laughs and laughs and laughs.

TYRONE

(in his Cynthia voice)  
If it had not been for Mr. Wattel,  
I'd be Cynthia the Flowerbed right  
now, you big dope.

(CONTINUED)

99A. CONTINUED

ROGER

Prakha. Take Cynthia out ... put  
back in me. Okay?

PRAKHA

Okay?

TYRONE

(in his Cynthia voice)

Really?

ROGER

It's the only safe place.

Tyrone's right hand gently strokes Roger's cheek.

TYRONE

(in his Cynthia voice)

You are my friend ...

(in his own voice)

I sure hope nobody else can see this

...

Roger chuckles as Prakha picks up the bowl and starts tapping on it. It RINGS gloriously. He keeps tapping and chanting OM ... Roger puts his own and Tyrone's hands on the bowl. The sound starts to reverberate ... Bix starts to howl in tune with the OM ... Tyrone feels something happening but has no idea what it is ... and suddenly Tyrone shudders, and Roger stops short.

ROGER

Cynthia? You there?

(in his Cynthia voice)

Of course I'm here, where the hell do  
you think I'd be?

(in his own voice, beaming)

She's back.

Roger pats Prakha on the back and pumps Tyrone's hand.

(CONTINUED)



99A. CONTINUED

ROGER  
Thanks for minding the store.

CYNTHIA (v/o)  
Come on Roger, let's get even.

DISSOLVE TO:

100. EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The gala evening is wrapping up. The musicians are toting their instruments to the bus ...

100A. INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Servants are clearing up the tables and chairs ...

100B. INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Guests are saying goodnight to each other, and going up to their rooms.

100C. EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Behind the house, hidden by dark shadows, Roger and Tyrone argue in whispers near the about-to-depart band bus.

ROGER  
What are you, crazy? Get on the bus.

TYRONE  
No way, Jose. I gotta find out how this megillah ends.

ROGER  
Ty ...

TYRONE  
Besides I can help. Walking around in the dark is my territory.

ROGER  
You're hired.

101. EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - MUCH LATER

The big house is quiet now. Only the Master Bedroom lights are on. Roger sits in a little glass GAZEBO out by the reflecting pond to the side of the house. There is just enough light inside the gazebo to show us Cynthia's reflection in the glass.

(Tyrone, Prakha, and Bix sit outside on the grass.)

(CONTINUED)

101. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

Roger, I was thinking. If everything works out - I mean, if I get a new body and all - I think I'm going to go to law school.

ROGER

What?

CYNTHIA

Oh, being a lawyer is so exciting. You should have seen me in court today when you were asleep.

ROGER

Yeah, what'd you do?

CYNTHIA

Oh, I was great. I mean, I don't like to brag, but I think I was really cool under pressure. The Judge was looking at me, and everybody was waiting for me to say something, so I stood up ...

(she stands and strikes a manly pose)

... and I just acted like a man, I said:

(lower voice)

Your Honor ...

ROGER

You didn't.

CYNTHIA

(in her own voice, proudly)

I did. I said:

(lower voice)

Your Honor, I move we adjourn for lunch.

(own voice)

Except it was only like 10 o'clock or something ...

ROGER

Oh my God, no wonder I got fired.

(CONTINUED)

101. CONTINUED

CYNTHIA

So listen, so I said:

(lower voice)

How about brunch?

(own voice)

Except he didn't think that was funny. You know, I'll bet if there'd been a jury there, they'd have really liked me.

ROGER

What am I laughing for? I'm going to get disbarred.

CYNTHIA

It was very exhilarating, Roger, but you know, when you come right down to it, I can't decide between a career in law and becoming a musician.

ROGER

Are you making fun of me?

CYNTHIA

No, really. When I was inside Tyrone, he couldn't play his saxophone, so we had to sit out. Oh, that's musician talk, it means we didn't play. So he taught me how to scat. That's a kind of singing. Listen:

(she scats)

She-doo-be-doo wop-wop, shoo-ble-ee  
op-a-doo-ba, ba ba do wa!

(proud smile)

What do you think?

Roger is laughing with delight.

ROGER

I think you're the most fun dead person I've ever met.

CYNTHIA

(thrilled)

Thank you.

Suddenly, Roger notices something off-screen and shushes her.

## 102. POV - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

For just a second, Terry is visible in one of the Master Bedroom windows. She closes the drapes, and then a second or two later, the lights go out. The great house is dark.

## 103. EXT. GAZEBO - NIGHT

ROGER

(rising)

That's our cue.

CYNTHIA

Roger ... now that you know what a horrible person she is ... aren't you glad you weren't intimate with her?

ROGER

(thinks for a beat)

No.

CYNTHIA

Well, if everything works out ... you might just get another chance. Maybe.

 ✓

Roger looks at her with amazement. She looks back with her best bedroom eyes.

ROGER

I don't know what was in that water, but it was very good for you.

He nudges Tyrone and Prakha - who has been sleeping standing up - and walk with them and Bix toward the house.

## 103A. INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Terry is about to get into bed when she hears a noise outside. She reaches into her nighttable and pulls out a revolver.

## 104. INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Roger has found an unlocked window in the rear of the foyer, carefully opens it and climbs inside. Tyrone and Prakha follow. He leaves Bix outside.

ROGER

(to Bix)

Stay here, boy. We won't be long.

It is almost pitch dark as they quietly climb the stairs, Roger in the lead, then Tyrone, and then Prakha carrying the brass bowl. When they get to the top of the stairs they very carefully approach the bedroom door ... Roger very slowly turns the doorknob ... he starts to open it ... when the door is wrenched open from the inside by Terry! She shines a flashlight in their eyes. And in her hand is a revolver.

TERRY

Hello, darling.

Roger stands there, frozen.

TYRONE

What are you waiting for, Roger?  
Grab her!

Terry aims the gun right at Roger's face and cocks it. Tyrone hears that sound and leans in close to Roger's ear.

TYRONE

Watch out, man, I think she might have a gun.

TERRY

Sshhh, let's all just take a nice little walk, shall we?  
(to Prakha, who has started tip-toeing down the stairs)  
You too, bosco.

Prakha stops and rejoins the group. Prodding them with the barrel of the gun, Terry directs Roger, Tyrone and Prakha up the hall, toward the far wing of the building.

ROGER

Where are we going?

TERRY

(whispering)

Sshhh ... we don't want to wake the other guests, now do we?

(CONTINUED)

104. CONTINUED

ROGER

What are you going to do?

TERRY

I'll say you sneaked back in the house to rob me.

TYRONE

We in trouble, Roger.

TERRY

You took this gun out of my nighttable.

TYRONE

Big trouble.

They have reached a room at the farthest end of the hall and she pushes them inside.

105. INT. DARKENED BEDROOM - NIGHT

She closes the door behind them. They are illuminated only by the moonlight through the window, and speak very quietly.

TERRY

Then you led me at gunpoint to the farthest, darkest, corner of the mansion, so that no one would hear. You brought me to this room ...

(she rips her nightgown)

We struggled. I grabbed the gun --

A SLEEPY VOICE

Hey, what's going on here?

Suddenly, the lights flip on, and in the first instant of light we see Mr. Schuyler and Gretchen in the bed.

In the second instant, Terry spins toward them in panic and shoots. The bullet hits the bedboard right between their heads, just as they each dive in opposite directions off the bed.

TYRONE

Watch it, sounds like a gunshot!

Roger dives for Terry, grabs her, and wrestles the gun out of her hand.

(CONTINUED)

105. CONTINUED

TYRONE

Somebody's fighting now, Roger!

A chair and nighttable are knocked over.

TYRONE

Somebody just knocked over some furniture!

Prakha runs around behind her, and throws his arms around her, pinning her arms to her side. Struggling furiously, she kicks over a dresser, knocking it to the floor with a mighty crash.

TYRONE

Sounds like the armoire, Roger!

Seeing that Prakha has her, Roger lets go of her, quickly picks the gun up off the floor, and trains it on Terry. The only sound in the room now is the heavy breathing of the combatants catching their breath.

TYRONE

Okay, it's all over now. Who won?

ROGER

We did. Okay, Prak,, let her go.

PRAKHA

Let her go.

But Prakha doesn't want to let her go, since holding her from behind means that his hands are cupped right on her heaving breasts.

ROGER

Prak ...

PRAKHA

Prak ...

He lets go. Mr. Schuyler and Gretchen now crawl out from behind the bed, shaken and white-faced.

MR. SCHUYLER

I'm calling the police.

TYRONE

Good idea.

(referring to that voice)

Who's that?

TERRY

(to Mr. Schuyler)

No. Please!

105. CONTINUED

GRETCHEN

You're going to the Big House,  
sister, and they're going to throw  
away the keys.

TYRONE

Now who's that?

TERRY

Please! I can't go back to jail.  
Anything but that!

ROGER

Back to jail?

Just then, Fred enters in his nightclothes, from his room  
across the hall.

FRED

Who's going back to jail?

TYRONE

Where the hell all these people come  
from?

ROGER

(to Schuyler, in his  
Cynthia voice)

Please put the phone down.

MR. SCHUYLER

What? I'm calling the police. This  
is attempted homicide.

FRED

Please don't send her back to jail.  
Please!

Cynthia's right hand pushes the gun in Roger's left hand  
towards Mr. Schuyler just as Peggy arrives from her room.

ROGER

(still in his Cynthia voice)

I said, "Put it down".

(in his own voice)

Cynthia, what are you doing?

(in his Cynthia voice)

We can't have her going to jail.

PEG

Roger, why are you talking like that?

(CONTINUED)



105. CONTINUED

TYRONE

Alright, now I'm getting annoyed.  
Will somebody please identify  
themselves!

ROGER

(in his own voice,  
to the others)  
Would you excuse us for a second?

MR. MIFFLIN

(entering)

What's going on here?

TYRONE

What the hell you asking me for?

CYNTHIA (v/o)

If she goes to jail, she takes my  
body with her.

ROGER

Good point.

TERRY

Please. I'll do anything. Wait! I  
have an idea ...

106. (DELETED)

107. EXT. COURTYARD - DAWN

Prakha, Roger, Tyrone, Terry and Fred have gathered around  
the brass bowl. (Prakha has already started OMM-ing.) ✓

(CONTINUED)

107. CONTINUED

ROGER

(to Terry)

Are you sure?

TERRY

Absolutely. Please ...

Roger looks to Fred who nods his head yes. So Roger signals Prakha to start tapping and chanting. Roger, Prakha and Terry place their fingertips on the rim of the bowl.

Pretty soon, the bowl starts to echo, Roger gets a little glassy-eyed ... then Terry does, too.

TERRY

Yes ...

Then, suddenly, they both shudder violently. We hear the deep CLUNK in the bowl, and Terry faints dead away in her father's arms. Prakha stops chanting and Roger helps Terry to her feet.

ROGER

Terry?

TERRY

(in Cynthia's voice)

My Lord, that was powerful.

(suddenly realizing)

Roger?

ROGER

Cynthia?

TERRY

(in Cynthia's voice)

Yes ... it's me ... we did it! We finally did it!

They hug with triumphant joy.

ROGER

Is Terry in there too?

Cynthia/Terry stands for a second and listens to her inner thoughts. Then she smiles and shakes her head no.

TERRY

(in Cynthia's voice)

She's gone..

(CONTINUED)

## 107. CONTINUED

Roger turns around now, and we see that they have been standing next to the horse Fred had been grooming earlier. Roger looks into the mare's eyes.

ROGER

Terry?

The mare whinnies. Fred strokes her mane.

FRED

Are you sure this is what you want, honeybun?

A tear forms in the mare's eye, as she whinnies and nuzzles him with her head. Fred turns to the others.

FRED

Thank you, M'am. I don't know how I'm going to explain this to her parole officer, but thank you.

TERRY

(in her Cynthia voice)

You're welcome.

FRED

I'm not losing a daughter, you know. I'm gaining a -- oh, forget it.

## 108. INT. MANSION - DAWN

Roger and Terry/Cynthia walk arm in arm into the house, Bix prancing happily around their feet, leading Tyrone (who carries his horn case inside).

ROGER

So ... how do you feel?

TERRY

(in her Cynthia voice)

I feel ... young, and healthy ... and something else. I think it's hormones. You've gotten real attractive to me in the last three minutes.

(they kiss)

Mmmm, you kiss pretty good for a lawyer.

ROGER

Lawyer? Kiss my amp! I'm a musician.

(CONTINUED)

108. CONTINUED

TERRY  
(in her Cynthia voice,  
delighted)  
You are?

ROGER  
I've felt more real feeling in the  
last two days than I have in the last  
ten years. Unlike you, most of us  
only get one time around in this  
life, and I'm not going to spend the  
rest of mine sitting behind a desk.

TERRY  
(in her Cynthia voice)  
Oh Roger, I love it when you talk  
like a beer commercial.

Tyrone gives Roger a soul handshake.

TYRONE  
Good to have you back among the  
living, bro.

ROGER  
Hey, if she's not too old to start  
over, I'm not either. Hell, I'm only  
38. I've got two whole years before  
I'm 40. 12 'til I'm 50. What's the  
problem? Let's dance.

Right on cue, Tyrone starts to play a warm, romantic BALLAD  
on his saxophone. Roger extends his arm to Cynthia/Terry  
in an invitation to dance. She smiles deeply and nods.  
They step out into the middle of the ballroom and are about  
to start, when Cynthia hesitates.

TERRY  
(in her Cynthia voice)  
I don't know how.

Without saying a word, Roger pulls her to him, and glides  
her across the dance floor.

Then, Prakha waddles over to the GRAND PIANO, sits himself  
down, and with one finger starts playing a note here and a  
note there. Pretty soon, through his divine mystical  
powers, he is playing terrific Art Tatum piano right along  
with Tyrone. Roger is delighted. Some of the weekend  
guests now start to show up in their robes and slippers,  
wondering what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

108. CONTINUED

ROGER

(gliding by Tyrone)  
You can't say I don't get us good  
gigs.

TYRONE

... for a Honkie Mook.

Roger laughs, Tyrone puts the sax back to his mouth and blows with great beauty, picking up the tempo. Prakha is really getting into some hot piano playing, and Roger and Terry/Cynthia start to sing as they dance.

ROGER

"All Of Me, why not take  
All Of Me?"

TERRY

(in her Cynthia voice)  
"Can't you see,  
I'm no good without you?"

ROGER

"Take my lips, I want to lose them.  
Take my arms, I'll never use them."

TERRY

(in her Cynthia voice)  
"Your goodbye  
Left me with eyes that cry.  
How can I  
Go on dear without you?"

During these last four lines, the camera PANS to a large wall mirror, in which we see Roger dancing and singing with Cynthia. And the smile on her face is radiant.

ROGER

"You took the part ...  
(Cynthia scats a riff)  
... That once was my heart ...  
(she lays down another line)

ROGER AND CYNTHIA

"So why not take  
All Of Me!"

The music gets hotter, Roger and Cynthia dance in greater circles, and the great hall fills with rich people dancing in their elegant bathrobes. Bix jumps up and down happily at their feet as Ty and Prakha play ... and Roger and Cynthia dance and dance and dance.

THE END